

OCTOBER

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Making our Military
Maps

Canada's Secret Service

A Mountain Climbing
Club

VTV

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BACKBONE vs. WISHBONE

By KARL LUDWIG KRAFT

Proportionally, if a man's backbone weakens his "wishbone" develops.

The nine-dollar-per clerk wastes his time in wishing he had the luck of a Rockefeller, a Carnegie, or a Morgan—wishing that he had this, that, or the other job—continually wishing.

The material parts of the human body, muscle or bone, develop only by usage. There is not, in nature, any spontaneous generation; everything comes by propagation.

Which are you developing—your backbone or your "wishbone"? Do not compensate them. By constantly using your "wishbone," it will develop in undue proportions. On the other hand, in properly strengthening your backbone you should have no cause to wish.

"Brace up," stand erect; strengthen your backbone—also, your jawbone. Learn to say "I will," instead of that monotonous "I wish." The world bestows prizes on men with a backbone, while to those with a "wishbone," asking for fish, she gives a serpent.

Motion propagates motion and life throws off life. Wishing you were fabulously rich leads you to the bread line.—*The Bookkeeper.*

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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The Protectors of Royalty in Canada

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

A POLICEMAN is the first person you encounter on entering any public building in the national Capital. There he stands—straight, strong, and stalwart. At the threshold of every departmental structure is an obliging, blue uniformed officer with a spiked helmet adorned with the Dominion coat of arms, trousers with a wide red stripe, and a red and white band around his left arm—the distinguishing mark that he is on duty. Ask what the powers and jurisdiction of this man are and you will probably get the reply "Oh! he keeps guard around the buildings, directs inquiring visitors to the various offices and keeps his eye on suspicious characters and intruders."

This is only routine duty. A messenger could perform such a task equally as well. These men—members of the Dominion Police Force of Canada—afford protection night and day to all government structures in the construction of which some twenty or twenty-five millions of people's money have been invested—but they do much more. The nor-

mal strength of the force is 58 men, but in periods of stress, danger or excitement, the number is increased. During the time of the South African war, when a desperate attempt was made to blow up the locks on the Welland canal—special constables were engaged to protect the government works, the temporary strength of the constabulary being 125.

A squad of six men do duty guarding gold and silver in the Royal Mint. A special detail continually watches over the heavy, strong vaults of the government. At Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, four men are on patrol while, at the House of Commons, during the session, a like number do service when the legislators are sitting. The Government Archives, the Militia Stores and other buildings claim the general supervision of the constables. A police mail service is also performed between the various departments. From 10 o'clock in the morning until 4.30 in the afternoon collections and deliveries are made every hour.

All letters are signed for when received, making it a complete register system.

The Dominion police also enforce law and order on the Indian reserves, attend to the extradition of fugitive offenders from foreign countries, make enquiries as to the whereabouts of relatives when the government has been appealed to in the matter, and furnish protection to members of the Royal family, foreign potentates and guests of the government visiting the Dominion.

When a convict is released from any of the penitentiaries—ticket-of-leave men as they are often called,—the Secretary of State notifies the Commissioner of Dominion Police. All such convicts when released report to the chief of police or sheriff of the county where they reside. The majority report once a month during the period of their parole, but in a few special cases, it is once in six months. The Commissioner of Dominion Police requests the various sheriffs and chief constables to regularly send reports to him as well as any notification when convicts change their address. In its general administrative relations, the system of ticket-of-leave is directly under the Dominion force.

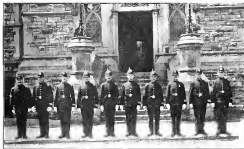
The history of the force is interesting. Previous to, and for some years subsequent to Confederation, there were two Commissioners of Police, C. J. Counsel, afterwards Judge Counsel, and Gilbert McMicken. The administration of the former was in Lower Canada and the latter in Upper Canada. When the federal government took over the Province of Manitoba from the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Micken was sent to Winnipeg, as Assistant Receiver General and stipendiary magistrate, being succeeded as Commissioner of Police by General Bernard, C.M.G., who was also deputy Minister of Justice. He was in turn succeeded by August Kerfer, who died in 1885. The head of the force to

day is Lieut-Colonel A. P. Sherwood, C.M.G., M.V.O., A.D.C., who comes of good old United Empire Loyalist stock. His father was registrar of Carleton County. Colonel Sherwood began his official career as deputy sheriff of the County of Carleton, and later was chief of the Ottawa City police.

He was made superintendent of the Dominion force in 1882, and three years afterwards was elevated to his present position. Inspectors Denis Hogan and James Parkinson, are his right hand men. The former, a graduate of the Ottawa City police force, was appointed inspector some ten years ago. Mr. Parkinson, who is chief officer of the secret service branch, has been a Dominion constable for many years. His clever detective work in many important cases resulted in his advancement to the post he now holds.

A visit to the offices of Chief Sherwood in the West Block on Parliament Hill, discloses no outward marks or evidence of the long list of criminals captured by the members of the force, or crimes that have been unearthed. The walls are not decorated with bonie knives, pistols, revolvers, jinnies, bludgeons, and bags, burglars' kits, drills, counterfeit plates, bogus money or other trophies, which many a city police department preserves as souvenirs to satisfy the curious or to impress the visitor with the history and character of past operations. The apartments are plainly, but comfortably furnished. In no way are they different from those occupied by officials in other branches of the government. There are several large scrap books, filled with newspaper clippings, which merely serve as convenient records for purposes of reference, but the tributes from the press, which have been gleaned from all over Canada, bear testimony to many brave captives, and clever coups.

The offices of the Inspector, the



A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF DOMINION POLICE

sergeants and the secret service branch are located in the East Block. These are fairly well equipped, but one need remains to be satisfied, and that is, the establishment of a complete identification bureau, where the Bertillon and finger print system may be installed, and a full description, as well as pictures of each convict, his record, etc., preserved. An identification bureau for all Canada would prove of the greatest assistance and convenience in the administration of justice.

The number of felons undergoing penal servitude, who have been brought to bay by the secret service branch, is large. One of the most brilliant achievements was the arrest of the notorious trio—Dolan, Nolan and Walsh—in connection with the attempt to use dynamite upon the locks of the Welland canal a few years ago, for which dastardly outrage the offenders got life sentences. Then the operations of the big gang of counterfeiters at Lindsay, Ontario, their capture and confiscation of their dies, plates, and cash, form another interesting chapter. The culprits were given terms

of various length. Still another sensational case was the famous bogus ballot box episode in West Hastings, in 1904. Shibley and Lott, the chief political conspirators, fled from the country, and are still fugitives abroad, while Riley, the young Kingston student, who was mixed up in the affair, got a year in Belleville gaol. The arrest of A. Martin, a civil servant and noted motor cyclist, created a big sensation. From the Militia Department he embezzled about \$75,000, and was sentenced to seven years in the Kingston penitentiary. The conviction of the Deckers—Anthony, the father, and Paul, the son—at Woodstock, Ontario, caused a stir. They were each given five years imprisonment. The exposure of the exploits of J. R. Labatt, a height and well educated young man of Ottawa, who, by threatening letters, attempted to levy blackmail on leaders of society in the capital, including a former cabinet minister, came with startling suddenness. Labatt, it will be remembered, demanded large sums of money as the price of silence, or else threatened scandalous revela-

tions. He was let off with a comparatively short term of incarceration, his previous good character weighing strongly in his favor.

The part that the Dominion force played in prosecuting the charge of conspiracy against Hon. Thomas McGreevy and N. K. Connolly, in

No more trying or responsible commissions were ever given. Commissioners Sherwood and his men than those of guarding the Prince and Princess of Wales during their tour of Canada eight years ago, and again on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness at the Tercentenary celebration in Quebec last summer.

To the commissioner was confided in 1931 the personal safety of their Royal Highnesses. Associated with him were S. H. Carpenter, chief of the Montreal Detective Bureau; Mr. William Stark, now deputy chief of the Toronto force; and half a dozen secret service men in plain clothes. It has been said of the guardians who traveled on the royal train, that like Charles the Second's favorite courier, they were "never in the way and never out of the way." It was a period of anxiety. On September 13th, when H.M.S. Osprey, on which their Royal Highnesses arrived from Australia, was signed off Cape Breton, it was met by the cruiser Indefatigable, bearing news of the cowardly attack in *Argenteau*, an anarchist, anti-President McKinley, at

ending that the anarchistic movement was wide-spread and developments might be expected at any time or place. The actions of every trunk, trunk and suspicious character were carefully watched by the police. Several errand and obviously disguised individuals, whose presence in the crowds evidently had no good, were either locked up or conducted to the outskirts of the waiting throngs. It was a time of agitation and suppressed excitement all over America.

A rather amusing incident occurred at Quebec. The news of Mr. McKinley's death had affected every one deeply. All the members of the Royal party and invited guests were gathered on the platform while the Mayor of Quebec, Hon. Mr. Parent, was reading an address of welcome. He read it first in French and during the reading, a high wind raging at the time, a door near by was blown shut with a terrific bang.

The sharp, sudden noise, when all was so still, sounded like the report of a revolver. The royal couple and several members of the company were quite alarmed, until it was seen what was the cause of the great racket, and then the general perturbation gave place to nervous laughter.

The police officers can relate many silly anecdotes of the memorable trip. At Stoueville, N.B., when the royal representatives were returning from across the continent, it was a bitterly cold October day, and a large concourse was at the station, accompanied in the land, to greet the distinguished party. It was



MAJOR GENERAL J. H. THOMPSON
COMMANDING DOMINION FORCE

1893, in connection with the Quebec Harbor works, the Laehine bridge scandal, the St. Louis affair, and other cases of *embalancement*, which are now matters of history, stand as evidence of his usefulness and activity in unearthing criminal and other offences.

the Buffalo Exhibition. When the Indians reached Quebec City the Indian bands conveyed the startling information that McKinley was dead. This caused the guardians of Royalty to be unusually alert, especially as it was reported that anonymous letters of warning had been received, indi-



THE INSPECTOR OF DOMINION POLICE
IS SEEN AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE IN THE EAST BLOCK

normal as soon as the car door opened for the musical bodies joining in the welcome to play the national anthem. All the persons on the platform of the royal car at the first notes of the familiar air, as well as all the male members in the waiting throngs, invariably stood with heads



THE INSPECTOR OF SECRET SERVICE
JAMES PARSONS AND HIS OFFICE



THE COMMANDER AND HIS SECRETARY AT WORK

uncovered as a mark of respect. Just before the door opened, the Princess of Wales, ever thoughtful of the comfort of those about her, told the gentlemen that it would be wiser for them to remove their hats on the platform as, on account of coming out of a warm compartment to the chilly atmosphere of an October morning, there would be danger of them contracting cold. Accordingly when the band struck up "God Save the King" those persons on the platform kept on their headgear. As soon as the selection had been played a tall, lanky countryman on the outskirts of the crowd yelled, "Why don't them gaboons on the platform take off their hats? Don't they know nothin'?" and the assembly enjoyed a general laugh. After the ceremony, as the Princess was bidding good-bye to the Mayor of Swansea, she humorously remarked, "Will you please tell your friend,

who made the observation, that I am responsible for the gentlemen on the car not removing their hats."

The Princess was greatly interested in children, and if there was a baby carriage anywhere near, in the crowds she would invariably stop and say a bright word or two to the infant and its proud mother. This was done on several occasions. In an eastern Ontario town, where the royal car had stopped over night, and many had driven as far as thirty and forty miles to join in the welcome to the royal couple, several children, who had gathered several wild flowers to present to her, stood around in the bitter cold, shivering and shivering in every limb. The Princess seeing them from a car window came out and shook hands with them, thanking them kindly for their floral offerings, and a happier throng of little folk was never seen, their

sunshiny faces reflecting the pleasure they felt.

In a western town an Indian was giving an exhibition of lassoing a wild steer. He threw the rope dexterously, but by some mischance instead of landing on the head of the animal, it caught around one of its hind feet. He was not aware of it so intent was he on the task, and winding the rope around the pommel of his saddle, he started to veer the Mustang which he rode off in an opposite direction. The steer howled with pain, as its limb was drawn out straight, and the Princess acknowledged that the display of lassoing should immediately cease.

In another town a funny contretemps occurred. Three bands of musicians were massed to play an air of welcome. By some means the engineer of the royal train did not stop at the place appointed, but went two or three car lengths past the spot. The crowd started to

break through the enclosure and follow the coaches. They disrupted the bands and here, there and everywhere in the crush and jam were men playing individual instruments, blaring out notes of "God Save the King." The intended harmony was turned into one disconcerting jumble of sound, and a pandemonium of notes, false and true, while a big Scotch piper, who intended to skirl the bag pipes, nearly had the instrument knocked out of his hands by the rushing, jostling crowd.

The most trying experience, perhaps, of the protectors of the Prince, was at Niagara Falls. The vigilance of the officers at this point was unceasing. The enterprising proprietors of hotels and summer houses on the American side had advertised all over New York state, that the Prince and Princess of Wales would visit the Falls, and fully 50,000 people had gathered. The royal guests viewed the wondrous handiwork of

nature from the Canadian shore and did not cross to the American side. Nearly all the other members of the Royal suite, except Lord Wenlock, went over. Many of the event-dancers, thinking their Royal Highnesses were present, pointed out certain persons as the Prince and Princess, and went home, supremely happy in the belief that they had gazed upon the future King and Queen of England.

Another amusing incident was, where a paper in a western Ontario town referred to a civic official as being presented to the Prince and Princess, by his old college chum, Prince Alexander of Teck, the alleged "Prince" being in reality, Lieut.-Col. Septimus Denison, one of the A. D. C.'s to His Royal Highness, during the tour. At Calgary, there was a big Indian pow-wow, where some 2,000 red men, their squaws and ponies had gathered. During the progress of a lively dance, the dusky spectators became so interested that they pressed in upon the royal party, subjecting them to some inconvenience. Their Royal Highnesses were in danger of being posted by the enthusiastic throng, and it required the personal interference of the guardians of royalty to obviate this annoyance, but the situation was accepted good naturedly by the Prince. At another town

in Alberta, a bluff, breezy alderman, who was a member of the civic reception committee extended his palm to the royal guest, and in an off-hand style, exclaimed, "Glad to meet you, Prince. I had the pleasure of shaking hands with your father, when he visited Canada forty years ago. Give him my best will you."

It is a high compliment to the Dominion police and the other guardians associated with them, that amid all the multitudes which flocked together, no unvarnished indignity or willful annoyance was offered to the representatives of the Sovereign, so perfect were the arrangements for their protection carried out. Colonel Sherwood was created a Companion of St. Michael and St. George, as a mark of appreciation of his services. He has executed other commissions for which he has several times received mention in the Canada Gazette. In 1893 and in 1897, he was entrusted by the Government with special duties in the Richter Sea arbitration. In addition to his excellent police record, the head of the force has had a conspicuous military career, and is at present the Officer Commanding the Eighth Infantry Brigade. The Dominion police force is a body of upright, well trained and manfully disinterested men, of which Canada may well feel proud.

WHAT if you fall in business? You still have life and strength. Don't sit down and cry about mischance, for that will never get you out of debt, nor buy you children trucks. Go to work at something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing exciting. And above all, keep a merry heart. And you'll be up in the world—Pamplin.

Geoffrey's Panklaggephone

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

From the Cosmopolitan.

IF you can't pronounce it, never mind; neither could Casey. It is a sort of amateur Greek word that Geoffrey made up himself, so it would fit in the same list as telephone, phonograph, cinematograph, megaphone and so on; and Casey was no Greek. Far from it. If you had mentioned Demosthenes and Solon to Casey he would have said, "Sure now, an' I shomo anny we thin frin-stand fellers." All he knew about Greece was that it was somewhere in Italy, where the dagos and Portuguese come from.

As Casey came along one morning on his way to his boiler-shop he noticed that a sign was being posted on the small factory next door; and when he went home that night he saw that the sign was complete, "The Geoffrey Panklaggephone Company." By the name he guessed carelessly that it was a company to make either some new-fangled moving-picture machine or a patent medicine, and forgot all about it. When a man is trying to run a boiler-shop these days he has his hands full with that. He hasn't time to stop to study out Pan-pankagge-pan-whatever-it is. No, nor.

The way that Geoffrey got the name was this. He looked up "noise" in the dictionary, and it didn't have a Greek root, so he found a synonym, "clangor," and he looked that up, and that did have a Greek root. He had to have Greek in the name. The word was "klagge," so he took "klagge" and tacked "pan" on one end, to mean that his machine was good for all

kinds of noise, and then he stuck "phone" on the other end, because that never seems to do any harm, and makes a good ending for any sort of new-fangled machine; and there he had it, his word—"panklaggephone." It didn't mean anything, but it looked whooping on a sign. That was just the kind of word Geoffrey wanted; the kind a man like Casey couldn't pronounce. It looked as sweet as "vibragraph."

It is wonderful what simple little things hide under big names, sometimes. There Geoffrey had worked out that tremendous word for his machine, and the machine was just a simple little every-day invention, a noise-absorber. Nothing more. Just a noise-absorber. Anyone could have invented it. Geoffrey happened to think of it first.

The whole thing was so simple that it was almost childish. I can describe the panklaggephone in a very few words, so that anyone can understand it and, if he desires, make one himself. The idea is simply this: If we have too much water anywhere, and we want to get rid of it, we get a sponge. A sponge is a water-absorber. If we have too much electricity and want to get rid of it, we get a storage-battery. A storage-battery is an electricity-absorber. If we have too much money and want to get rid of it, we get an automobile. An automobile is a money-absorber. But what Geoffrey wanted to create was a noise-absorber. Water makes a noise, electricity makes a noise, money makes

a noise; therefore Geoffrey built a machine that was something like an automobile, something like a storage-battery, and something like a sponge-batter. Having done this, and found that his model worked all right, Geoffrey formed his stock company, rented the factory building, and began making panklaggephones.

Great is modern science! A friend of mine went out the other day to kill a man who had invented him. He took his rifle, which was the new smokeless kind, and loaded it with smokeless powder. He walked up to within twenty feet of his enemy, aimed full at his heart, pulled the trigger, and shot him dead. All his enemy did was to say, "Don't point that gun at me!" No smoke from the gun, no sound from it, how was the man to know he had been killed? My friend went up to him and told him he was dead, that he was shot through the heart, and still he wouldn't believe it. No smoke, no sound—he simply couldn't believe he was dead. My friend showed him the hole he had shot in him, and that it was a new hole, but the fellow was still skeptical. He didn't weaken until my friend got a paper and showed him an article about soundless guns and smokeless powder, and even then he said he half believed it was a newspaper fake. But he hated to disoblige, so he died. But he wasted half an hour of my friend's time uselessly. It was one of the fruits of ignorance. It was the same kind of ignorance as that which afflicted Casey.

Casey's boiler-shop was built on the principle that seems most approved for boiler-shops—the reverend principle. In a boiler-shop of that kind, if you hit a square-ram with a tack-hammer the sound will boom up to the ceiling, and echo back along the walls, and roll up and down, multiplying as it goes, until it is making as much racket as a Wagner crescendo. But if you put two men at work on a big iron tubular boiler so that sort of shop, one man inside the boiler and

one outside, both with heavy hammers, the utmost hint of clanging noise is reached. Casey had forty-one men at work in his boiler-shops. When he went up to a workman and shouted in his ear at the top of his lungs all the workman could hear was the warm breath of Casey on the back of his neck. When Casey wanted to talk to a workman in his shop he had to take him by the sleeve and lead him one block east and two south, and draw him into the recesses of a lumber-yard.

Near the front door of Casey's boiler shop was the machine that takes the flat plates of boiler-iron and rolls them into cylinders. It was a pretty good noise-maker, too. Off to one side of that machine was Casey's own boiler, the one that ran the machines in his shop, and it was a boiler Casey was proud of. It was the first boiler he had ever made, and it was breaking the age-record for boilers. Everyone said it was already ten years beyond the utmost age-limit for boilers, and it was patched up with squares and oblongs of riveted iron until it looked like a cylindrical crazy-quilt. Everyone told Casey he ought to have a new boiler. Every time he took a workman one block east and two south the workman would give notice that he was going to quit unless Casey got a new boiler. They told Casey it wasn't safe to work in a shop where there was an old, rickety boiler that leaked so it put out the furnace fire. Then Casey would say he guessed he'd make himself a new boiler as soon as he got time; but he never got time, and the next time he had a chance to speak to the workmen they would tell him it was absolute suicide to carry seventy pounds of steam in that old teakettle; that forty pounds would be dangerous. Casey stood it as long as he could, and then, one morning, he called all his workmen together and made them a speech. He said he had been making boilers before most of them were born, and knew more about boilers than any man in the country, and that they need not be

afraid of that boiler if he wasn't. He said he had had that boiler years and years, and it had never exploded yet, and that he was tired of having men in his shops work with one eye on their job and one on the old boiler.

"Go awn back t' work now," said Casey, "an' what we see me makin' fer th' door 'twill be plenty as t'ime fer ye t' think as th' boiler hasin'." Pat Casey is th' biggest coward av th' lot av ye, make sure av that."

Then he went around behind the boiler and changed the gauge so that it registered forty pounds when it was carrying seventy, threw a cup of kerosene into the furnace to encourage the fire and forgot all about it.

The third day after the sign of the Panklaggephone Company was painted on the wall of the building next door to his boiler-shop Casey got down to work early. It was his custom. If he had any orders to give it was necessary to give them before work began, so that they might be heard.

One by one the men dropped in, and when Casey blew the whistle they set to work, all at once and heartily. It was a grand noise, forty men pounding on boiler-plate with heavy hammers, and one rolling steel plates through the machine. It was the climax of clangor. It was so noisy that not a sound could be heard; it was roar! bang! clank! continuously, without intermission. Each man was making so much noise himself that he could not hear any other man's noise. Casey was behind his boiler, stopping up a leak in a seam with wet ashes.

Suddenly a look of anger darkened his face. Silence, utter silence, had settled over the boiler-shop. Casey knew what was the matter. The coward had taken fear of the old boiler! Rage filled his heart. After him making them a speech about it, too! He took off his greasy felt hat and threw it down and stamped on it. He pulled off his greasy coat and threw that down and kicked it, too! He rolled up his sleeves and dobbled up his fists, and stepped from behind the boiler.

He yelled the war-cry of all the Caseses. Then he stopped short. Not a man was gone from his place. Not a man had stopped work. Every-where hammers rose and fell against boiler-plates. And everywhere was absolute silence. Not a sound, not a murmur. Absolute silence.

For one minute Casey stood absolutely still, and then a pale, scared look came over his face. He glanced around cautiously—no one seemed to be observing him. He swelled out his chest and yelled twice, like a scared jacked, but he could not hear his own yell. He could not hear anything. He began to perspire.

There is so much noise in a boiler-shop that often the boiler-makers cannot hear the noise Casey was pretty sure he had gone suddenly deaf, but he was not quite sure. With a cautious motion he bent slowly down and picked up a square of boiler-iron and a hammer. If he was once inside the shop and bent on that square of iron with the hammer he would soon know if he had gone deaf. Slowly he turned and stepped cautiously toward the door.

The boiler-makers saw him and got there first. Long before Casey had reached the sidewalk the last boiler-maker was on his way to the lumber-yard, with one eye on safety and the other on the air, where he expected to see Casey's boiler roaring. He was a cross-eyed boiler-maker or he could not have done this. There were plenty of lumber-piles, and the boiler-makers went so far under them that Casey had to pry them out with a piece of something.

"Ye fools!" said Casey, when he had them all out again.

"Aw!" said the foreman, "you said yourself we was t' git out when we seen you git out. Wasn't you gitting out?"

"I'll not say but what I was steppin' outside a bit," said Casey, "but I was not runnin'. I was walkin' easy. 'Twas not because av th' boiler I was going."

"How was we to know what you was goin' out for?" asked the fore-

man angrily. "What was you goin' out for, anyway?"

"Nanthin'," said Casey crossly. "I forgot what it was, now. 'Twas nanthin' important, anyhow. Melay 'twas some was goin' by I wanted a word with."

"All right," said the foreman silkily. "All I got to say is it must have been some one you're mighty scared of, by the looks of you when you was goin' for—"

Suddenly the foreman stopped speaking. His lips kept on forming words, but they made no sounds. Casey was walking on with his head down, and, as his words faded away, the foreman turned pale. There was something the matter with his voice, but he did not know what. He glanced secretly at Casey, but Casey was not looking. He tried a few words experimentally, but the experiment worked badly. He whistled. Not a sound. Deaf and dumb both! The scared look gathered on the foreman's face. Casey and his foreman and his boiler-makers went back to the boiler-shop as silently as a funeral driving over crows.

"Well, bye," said Casey, when they were all inside. "Yous no wan's fash. Git t' work!" but his voice fell silent. Hedges picked up his hammer and hit the side of a boiler. He might as well have hit a roll of cotton batting. He looked at the boiler in surprise. Then he looked at the head of his hammer. Then he hit the boiler again, and the pale, scared look came upon his face. He glanced around cautiously. Casey was paying no attention to him. No one was. All the boiler-makers were pale and scared, and were tapping on their boilers experimentally. Pale and scared, they all went to work. They motioned and gestured to each other, just as they did when the shop was full of clanger. They were like pictures of a boiler-shop and its workers thrown on a sheet by a cinematograph—all motion and no noise.

When the day's work was ended the workers did not troop out together

as usual. They stole away one by one, and they did not go home immediately. One by one they sought their favorite doctors.

"I'm thinkin'," said Casey to his, "there do be somethin' th' matter with me ears, Doc. There be flashes ar silence come over me t'-day, whil'd I'm workin' in me shop. Won't ye be testin' me ears for me?"

"Step into the operation-room here," said the doctor. "Now, let me see, what is your business?"

"I'm Casey, th' boiler-maker."

"Oh!" said the doctor, and then turned to the door, where his attendant had come. "A man? Well, have him wait. What is his trouble?"

"He thinks he's going deaf," said the attendant.

The doctor took up Casey's case. He tested him in every known way. He told Casey he had ears so perfect that they were almost useless.

"Excuse me, Doctor," said the attendant, looking in, "but there is another man here now."

"What is his trouble?" asked the doctor.

"He thinks he is going deaf," said the attendant.

"Tell him to come in," said the doctor, "and tell the other man to come in, and if any more men come thinking they are going deaf have them come in."

A few more did drop in soon. They were all pale and scared-looking.

"Now, men," said the doctor, when he had examined them all, "you have not a thing to worry about. Your ears are all perfect. Your cases are peculiar, but not inexplicable. I might say that they resemble the snow-blindness that is caused by too much light. You are evidently suffering from something that I may call boiler-shop deafness, caused by too much noise. The nerves of the ear are temporarily paralyzed by too many and too violent sound-waves. In order to prevent a recurrence I advise you to wear ear-muffs stuffed with cotton."

At the end of his first manufactur-

ing week Geoffrey had twenty panklagephones completed, ready for shipment, and he went home to his young wife beaming with happiness, riding beside the driver on the high seat of a delivery truck. Behind him, in the truck, was a full-sized panklagephone. He was taking it home. It was his wife's birthday present.

Geoffrey had had a panklagephone in his house, but it had been the model merely, a small affair. It had been enough to prove to him that his idea was a good one, and that the panklagephone would absorb noises, but the machine had been so small that it left much to be desired. It was strong enough to absorb the noise of a mosquito or two, and had been useful in that way, giving one perfect rest from mosquitoes in the bedroom, until the mosquito really bit; but Mrs. Geoffrey had been losing sleep night after night on account of the crying of her baby, and was growing pale and thin. She knew that the best thing to do was to let the baby cry itself to sleep again, but she was so nervous she could not, and Geoffrey felt that a panklagephone in the house would be a great boon. It would not only absorb the baby's cries, but the street-noises, Mrs. Geoffrey's snore (she would sleep with her mouth open), the crowing of the neighbors' roosters in the early morning, and a lot of other unpleasant sounds.

He and the driver of the truck unloaded the panklagephone—it was quite a large affair—and carried it into the house. They set it, temporarily, in the hall, and Geoffrey touched the button that started the absorber. As he did so he said:

"Now, dear, you will see how it works. You hear the baby crying at the top of his voice?" ("I should think I did," said Mrs. Geoffrey) "and all I do is touch this button—"

Geoffrey touched the button. The baby cried louder than before, and his voice was quite as apparent. A frown gathered on Geoffrey's brow.

"That's funny," he said. He pushed

the button again and again. The panklagephone would not absorb. "That's very funny," said Geoffrey.

"Well, never mind just now," said Mrs. Geoffrey. "There is a telegram that came to the house just a few minutes ago. I opened it. And you must come to your dinner right away if you are to catch the train."

The telegram was from Geoffrey's agent in Chicago. He asked that he hoped to close a contract for one hundred panklagephones, but thought Geoffrey himself should be on the spot.

Geoffrey hurried through his dinner and ran to catch the train, and the last thing he said, before he went, was that he would fix the panklagephone when he got home Monday. He supposed there was something wrong with the mechanism. He did not know that the panklagephone had absorbed up to its full capacity.

The home of the Geoffreys was in a very refined and quiet section of the town, a section so quiet that, after ten o'clock at night, the steps of the police officers could be heard for several blocks, and when Mrs. Geoffrey went to her dining-room that night at one o'clock to see if she had really forgotten to lock the windows, she was greatly pleased to hear the steps of the policeman on the street before the house. It made her feel much safer. She was always a little nervous when Geoffrey was away.

The moment she reached the top of the stairs she paused, listening. From below, somewhere, she heard the sound of a heavy truck jolting over a stone-paved street. The sound seemed to come from the front hall, as if the truck were being driven about the hall itself. Mrs. Geoffrey turned pale, and a scared look settled upon her face. She could hear the heavy breathing of the horses, the crack of the whip, and the creaking of the harness. Then, suddenly, from the hall, came two wild Irish yells, and instantly a boiler-shop burst into full voice. Her ears were deafened by the clangor of metal against metal, of hammer

against boiler-plate, a wild hurricane of noise, terrific, unbelievable, stunning. Mrs. Geoffrey put her two hands straight out in front of her and tottered backward with a thud that was lost in the racket.

The panklaggephone was unloading the boiler-shop.

The house shook with the noise, the windows rattled. It was a rude shock to that refined and quiet neighborhood, and the policeman dashed up the steps and kicked in the front door. He stopped, stunned. To the best of his knowledge and belief there were forty-one boiler-makers busily making boilers in that house. There was noise everywhere—it did not seem to come from any one spot. The house was all noise. He dashed upstairs, and tripped over Mrs. Geoffrey—not another soul but the babe. He dashed to the garret—not a soul. He dashed down to the first floor—not a soul. Not a soul in the cellar! No one in the house but a fainting woman and a babe. And the racket of forty-one strenuous boiler-makers pounding on iron with steel hammers! The policeman yelled once and ran.

All up and down the street windows opened and heads were put out. People came forth dressed in nothing much with a spare sheet over it. The fire department came on the run, and so did the police reserves. Police reserves are useful in keeping people away from places, but there is not much a fire department can do in putting out noises, but it did what it could. It worked on the principle that the noise was coming out of Geoffrey's house, and that if there was no house the noise could not come out of it, so they did what they could to do away with the house. They were pretty successful. A fire department can do a great deal when it tries. Of course there were some pieces of plaster here and there that would not come off the walls easily, but when they turned the hose on them they began to weaken, and they would have had them all off had a stream of water not brought Mrs. Geoffrey to herself.

Pat Casey himself helped carry the panklaggephone out of the house when she had explained that the noise probably came from that.

When Geoffrey reached his office Monday noon he found Casey awaiting him.

"Good day t' ye," said Casey. "Ye're Mister Geoffrey, I'm thinkin'?"

"I am," said Geoffrey.

"Casey's me name," said Casey. "I'm th' man what runs th' boiler-shop that makes th' noise-thin machines av your'n has been absorbin'."

"Now, Mr. Casey," said Geoffrey firmly, "I am very busy to-day. I have been away, and I have come home to find my house a wreck. I am willing to do what is right in the matter, but I really cannot take the time to go over it to-day. If the absorption of your noise by my machines has caused you any loss my company will pay for it, but—"

"Tans not that I was thinkin' av," said Casey, "I was wonderin' what was av thim pank-thin machines."

"Panklaggephones?" said Geoffrey.

"Yes, I was in them. I was wonderin' what th' cost might be?"

"Certainly," said Geoffrey. "Such a machine should be of the greatest use in a boiler-shop, particularly if this crusade against noise—Now, we will guarantee to supply one that has not absorbed any noise."

"Well, 'twas not wan av th' absorbin' kind I was thinkin' av," said Casey. "I meck out very well at th' boiler-shop; very well. But there do be some times, when we could woman has th' gift of speech, an' th' house do be amuthin' but peaceful an' quiet. An' I'm a man that looks quiet. Mister Geoffrey, I was after hearin' th' pank-thin machine goin' off at yer house th' other night. Mr. Geoffrey, an' I would like t' have wan in thim loaded up with a boiler-shop t' take home. 'T would be revful, lookie, t' tinn wan whin th' ould woman breaks loose."



Benjamin Prince, Merchant Senator

What shall be done with the Senate? Shall it be abolished or shall it be reformed? While the committees, the press and Parliament itself debate

these momentous questions, hoary Senators shuffle off this mortal coil and new ones must perforce be chosen to fill their places.

When Parliament assembles next month, among the ranks of the Dominion Senators will be found for the first time, the Hon. Benjamin Prince, Senator for the Battleford District, a virile westerner, whose training as a business man should make itself felt for good in the Senate Chamber. A native of Three Rivers, Quebec, Senator Prince went to Manitoba in 1878 and in the following year moved onward to Battleford, where he has ever since resided. He first engaged for three years in farm-

ing and ranching, and then, in company with A. McDonald, now a Winnipeg wholesaler, erected and ran flour and saw mills on the banks of the Saskatchewan. Cattle shipping also claimed his attention for a lengthy period. In 1899, in partnership with his brother, J. A. Prince, as Prince Bros., he purchased the general business of Mr. McDonald, in Battleford, and this business is still being carried on by them. In 1898 Senator Prince was elected to represent in the Territorial Legislature the District of Battleford, which was then one of the largest constituencies in the Dominion, and in this position he served for two terms. Since that time he has thrice been elected mayor of Battleford, and as well has held the position of president of the Board of Trade



BENJAMIN PRINCE

SENATOR PRINCE, MERCHANT

...the great work of the thought
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement

...the great work of the thought
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement

Sir James M. LeMoine, Veteran Litterateur

...the great work of the thought
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement

...the great work of the thought
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement



SIR JAMES M. LEMOINE.
A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. J. COOPER.

...the great work of the thought
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement

...the great work of the thought
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement
the first phase of the movement



RESIDENCE OF SIR JAMES LEMOINE.

the owner as an ornithologist. His-
toric curios, such as Sir Isaac Brock's
cane, the key of the old St. Louis
Gate, ancient French cannon, cya-
mores and bayonets, fill the house and
grounds.

An event, savoring of old times and
old customs, used to take place an-
nually in the month of September, at
Spencer Grange. It was the festival
of the grapes, which was observed for
forty years. After partaking of the
luscious Royal Muscadine, Black
Hamburg and Frontignan grapes from
the vineyard of the Grange, the drink-
ing of toasts to the visiting friends
took place. Many of the most in-
amous men of Canada and other lands
have foregathered under the grape
arbors of Spencer Grange on these
historical occasions and the only re-
gret is that the age of the distinguish-
ed has prevented their being held in
more recent years.

And what has been his literary ser-
vice to Canada? The scope of his
work has been exceptionally wide.
When, on Convent Day, Sir James
was presented by his friends with an
oil portrait of himself, the address
that accompanied the work of art con-
tained an admirable epitome of his
life work in the broad domains of lit-
erature and science. In "Quebec,
Past and Present," and in "Pictur-
esque Quebec," the stirring and ro-
mantic history of the old fortress city
is fascinatingly set forth, and in the
better known series under the title of
"Maple Leaves," the succession of
volumes contains a rich store of the
folk lore, traditions and customs of
French Canada. In the gathering of
his material in his earlier days, Sir
James thoroughly explored his native
province, and the delightful chapters
over the pen-name of Jonathan Old-
book, are the record of these trips by
sea and land.



WHITELAW REID

Whitelaw Reid, Ideal Ambassador

WHITELAW REID, proprietor of the New York Tribune, and Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, since 1906, has so ably fulfilled the duties, both state and social, of the United States Embassy in London, that he is to continue to represent his country in England for some time to come. It requires a man of means, as well as of brains, to occupy the post so admirably held by Mr. Reid, and one contributory cause of his success has been his ability to entertain lavishly. Mr. Reid celebrates this month his seventy-second birthday, and from the elevation of those many years he can look back over a life filled with activity and accomplishment. A native of the same state as his President, Mr. Reid started his career as so many other notables have done in the humble position of country school teacher. Then, like many another rising man, he drifted into journalism, that profession of oppor-

tunity, and in it he made good to such an extent that he rose to the position of editor-in-chief and chief proprietor of the New York Tribune by 1872. He twice declines an appointment as Ambassador to Germany, but accepts the French Ambassadorship in 1889. In 1897 he represented the United States Government at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and again in 1902 he was his country's special representative at the coronation of King Edward. Mr. Reid displays all those qualities of mind and soul which have been characteristic of his distinguished predecessors and which have made the line of American Ambassadors to England famous.

Strange to say, there is no official residence for the American Ambassador in London. There are some offices in Victoria Street that call themselves an Embassy, but, except for providing their representative with a desk, chair, pens and pencils, the Unit-

ed States Government does not take any account of his need for a bed or a roof over his head. These are lux-

uries he is expected to furnish out of his salary, which is only about \$1,500 a year.

Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel, Children's Champion

THE recent appointment of Mr. Herbert Samuel to the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster has more than the usual interest attached to the advancement of a talented young man to a position of trust and honor. Mr. Samuel is in reality the first Hebrew Cabinet Minister to hold office in a British Government. It is

children, no alcohol for children under five, juvenile offenders' courts, the abolition of the death penalty for children, etc.

In his enormous capacity for mastering the details of a subject, Mr. Samuel is typical of his race. The genius of the Jew is the genius for taking infinite pains. He may lack inspiration, but his power of application, his mastery of the letter, give him a knowledge that is more potent than inspiration. He gets up his subject with a thoroughness that the Englishman rarely imitates. Mr. Samuel has all the patience and the indefatigable perseverance of his race, though in most other characteristics he is the very opposite of the Oriental. To study principles, to collect facts, to wait his time, to be fully equipped when

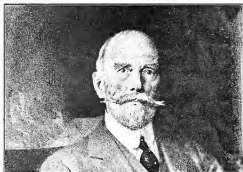


RIGHT HON. HERBERT SAMUEL

As Under-Secretary for the Home Department, Mr. Samuel had entire charge of the Children's Bill, which was recently passed. No more humane measure has ever been before Parliament, and certainly Parliament never saw a measure more ably handled, both in the House and in committee. It was impossible to find a flaw in the workmanship, and Mr. Samuel's skill in committee won the rare distinction of a dinner in honor of his success. The bill covers the oversight of children put out to nurse, inspection of homes, suppression of cruelty, cleansing venereal

the clock of opportunity strikes the awarded hour—that is his way.

His favorite amusement as a youth was politics, and while other boys were reading Ballantyne and Henry, he was reading Blue Books. He is to-day one of the potentialities of the liberation of the future. His path is as defined and absolute as a geometrical line for he is secure in his opinions and inflexible in his purpose. He and Mr. Masterman are supposed to be the coming men in the liberal party in England. Mr. Samuel represents the cool, calculating type of statesman, Mr. Masterman the inspirational.



JAMES R. KEENE

James R. Keene, Believer in Chance

JAMES R. KEENE, the eminent American financier and mining man, is a firm believer in chance, and has recently been making public some of his opinions. He won't probably say that it was chance that led his father to migrate from England to California before the gold boom, thus giving the son an early opportunity to make his fortune in the gold fields. From miner to speculator was a natural step, and Mr. Keene cleared up six million dollars during the bonanza period of the seventies. Since 1877 Mr. Keene has been an operator on Wall Street, where his godless but evidently successful faithfulness has put him, for he still ranks high among the financial magnates of America.

"He those who understand it," says Mr. Keene, "stock speculation is always based on proper knowledge. There can be as much knowledge acquired by industry and application respecting these matters as can be obtained in the prosecution of other businesses. There are just as many

things to know about them—and if you have studied them, I am not at all sure that there are any more chances in stock speculation than in business speculation. Take a railroad stock, for instance. You should buy it according to the conditions governing the railroad; what its earning possibilities are, the ability of the men who control it. There are all sorts of contingencies one should think about in relation to it. A person who is qualified makes a careful study of those things and he follows his judgment just as he would if he were engaging in any business. If people go into any business and do not understand it, they are not likely to succeed. They are just as likely to lose as in any stock speculation.

"Some people think they can stop speculation. Oh! Mrs. Partridge believed in her ability to sweep back the Atlantic. She tried—she worked heroically. But she didn't succeed. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partridge. "The spirit of speculation is born

with the man. Providence has impressed in his brain and heart the betting instinct. It is the one greatest of all gifts with which we are endowed. It is responsible for civilization's progress in every country of the world. Without it in our own land, population and wealth would represent but a third of what they do to-day; science and invention would be back one hundred years, and the immeasurable aid our country has given, through its wonderful development, to the teeming and half-fed population of the

older countries would still be in the womb of the future. Without speculation—call it gambling, if you wish—initiative and enterprise would cease, business decay, values decline, and the country would go back twenty years in less than one. It is the fashion now to inveigh against Wall Street and its speculations. Yet Wall Street is the brain and heart of the country, and with its wondrous speculative activities is the greatest force behind our national growth and expansion."

Hon. H. F. McLeod, Rising Statesman

THIS Solicitor-General in the New Brunswick Cabinet, Hon. HARRY F. McLeod, is a young man of promise, from whom observers of the conservative persuasion hope great things. Born at Fredericton in 1871, of Loyalist descent, he was educated at the Collegiate School in that city, during the time that Dr. Parkin was headmaster. He continued his studies at

again in 1907, he won with the largest majority ever given in the constituency Premier Hazen, recognizing his ability, lost no time in securing his services as Solicitor-General. In addition to his interest in politics Mr. McLeod is a loyal Orangeman, and in 1906 and 1907 was Grand Master of the association in New Brunswick. He is also a military man, having risen

in ten years to the command of the 71st Battalion. It is a fair speculation that Mr. McLeod will in time enter the federal arena. The men of the east have always made themselves felt at Ottawa, and it is the usual thing for the public men of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to look forward to service at the capital. We may, therefore, expect to see so popular a man as the Solicitor-General take his place in due time, and when he does so, his friends be-

HON. H. F. McLEOD
Solicitor-General of New Brunswick

lieve that it will be in no minor position.

This reference to Mr. McLeod serves to emphasize the somewhat regrettable lack of acquaintance Canadians in general have with the public men of the various provinces. Here

is a man deserving of recognition in all parts of the Dominion, but it is safe to say that, outside his own province and the sister maritime provinces he is not as well known as he deserves to be. This is a defect which should be remedied.

Lord Kitchener's New Command

THE problem of the disposal of Lord Kitchener at the end of the tenure of his command in the East Indies has been solved. "In conformity with the wishes of His Majesty's Government" the famous general has accepted the post of Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief and High Commissioner in the Mediterranean.

The Mediterranean command was a paper invention. It was a clever idea emanating towards the end of the year 1909, from the Directorate of Organization at the War Office. Employment, sufficiently dignified and sufficiently high-sounding, had to be found for the Duke of Cornwall when he handed over the post of Inspector-General of the Forces to Sir John French. An extremely astute War Office clerk conceived the idea of the Mediterranean command. The authorities welcomed the scheme with open arms. Gibraltar, Malta, Crete,

Cyprus and Egypt were hastily scooped together (on paper) and given this fine collective title. The five stations were artistically grouped in the army list immediately following, and cleverly made to look as important as the command in the East Indies. The layman probably thought for a moment that we had conquered a new empire.

But there cannot be any doubt that the scope of the appointment which Lord Kitchener assumes will be a great deal wider. There would be nothing surprising in the creation of a post for general overseas inspection. Such an experiment would be extremely valuable, and Lord Kitchener is an admirable selection for the first holder. A general inspector and auditor, acting on behalf of the War Office for all our colonies would save the nation untold wealth and enormously increase the efficiency of colonial defence.



WILLIAM WINTER

William Winter, Great Dramatic Critic

NO more striking proof could be desired of the authority wielded by William Winter as a dramatic critic than the wide-spread comment on his resignation of the position he has occupied so brilliantly for the last forty-four years as dramatic critic of the New York Tribune. For a generation, at least, his reputation has been bounded only by the limits of the English-speaking theatre. To all lovers of the stage his name is almost as familiar on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. Those who know him best will be the last to believe that his critical career is ended. His headquarters may be shifted, but the spirit of combat is yet strong in him and only death or disability will compel him to lay down the pen which, in his hands, is still so potent a weapon.

There is, perhaps, no man living—certainly but very few—with a more intimate and scholarly knowledge of all things pertaining to the playhouse, before or behind the curtain. He has devoted a long life-time to the observation and the study of the stage, of the men who write for it, the public that support it, the actor folk who strut their brief hour upon it, the directors who have managed or mismanaged it, and of the whole Bohemian world that revolves about it. In his capacity as critic, therefore, he has written with the fullest comprehension of the practical, aesthetic, and personal considerations which are such important factors in the theatre; and his judgments, even if his warmest admirers could not always agree with him, carried the weight un-
41



LORD KITCHENER'S NEW COMMAND

MAP OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SHOWING THE PROVINCES OF BRITISH TROOP

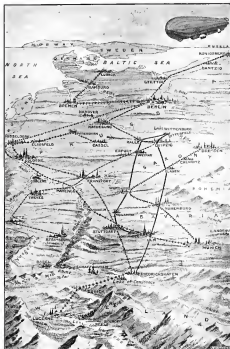
fully conceded to long and varied experience, great ability, and lofty aim.

Mr. Winter was born in Gloucester, Mass., on the 15th of July, 1835, his father being an old sea captain. From his youth his inclinations were toward the literary life, and he began writing for various magazines and periodicals when he was only about sixteen years old. He attended the Harvard law school and was graduated in 1857, but never seriously attempted to practise his profession, having in early youth attracted attention for the smooth melody and tender feeling of his verse, and the description and analytical power of his miscellaneous and critical writings. Opportunistic, taste, and the development of a special ability led him into a course of dramatic criticism, and in 1865, before he was thirty years old, he was appointed dramatic editor of the *Tribune*, a position in which he soon began to attract the attention of discriminating readers, who could appreciate the excellence of a fluent and polished style—at once picturesque, humorous and incisive—and a keen and well-informed critical observation.

Although it is as a critic and historian of the theatre that Mr. Winter has been best known to the general public, his fame as a writer does not rest entirely upon his theatrical essays and biographies. His books on Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, Henry Irving, and others have had a wide circulation, but much of his most attractive work is to be found in his volumes of foreign travel, such as "Shakespeare's England," "Gray Days and Gods," "Old Shirts and Ivy," etc., which are filled with descriptive passages of great, if sometimes almost too luxurious, beauty.

As a journalist he is contemporary with the older Bennett, with Bryant and with Greeley. He was on close terms with Dickens and Wilkie Collins, the bosom friend of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, an intimate of George William Curtis, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He has survived nearly two generations of journalistic, theatrical, and literary life, and still retains all his intellectual and much of his physical vigor.

All old theatre-goers know his silver head and frail, but still active, figure, which are often the centre of a listening group between the acts. Mr. Winter is a capital story-teller, and a humorous anecdote from his lips loses none of its point. As a public speaker, especially in the after-dinner hour he has been in request for many years. In matter and manner he is wont to be equally felicitous. His eloquence has been the chief feature of many a great dramatic fest, while he has been the accepted laureate of the stage for many years. Some of his tributes to the famous dead are wonderfully sympathetic in their plaintive melancholy. But Mr. Winter, although his poetry often sounds a sombre note, and he himself is of a reflective habit, is essentially a cheerful man. A Bacchic ode comes to him as readily as an epitaph. He laughs easily himself, and is a source of frequent mirth to others. The theatre of the future will be a dark place without the light of his countenance. It is, happily, too soon to attempt anything like a detailed review of his, or yet, incomplete work, or to discuss his exact position as a critic, but, should his retirement prove final, both the public and the theatres are likely to find it a cause for regret.



COUNT REPPERS'S FORTHWARD AIRSHIP PANORAMIC SERVICE
WHICH IT IS ASSURED WILL BE UNDERTAKEN
BY THE SPRING OF 1911

1. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen
2. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen
3. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen
4. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen
5. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen
6. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen
7. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen
8. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen
9. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen
10. Berlin, Hamburg, London, and Copenhagen



Professor Thomson, Brilliant Scientist

Perhaps the greatest honor which could be accorded to any city came to Winnipeg in the event of the conference of the British Association

for the Advancement of Science. Delegates from the greatest centres of learning in the world assembled in the youthful prairie city to discuss

questions which were vital to the scientific world. It was remarked on several occasions, and particularly by Lord Strathearn, who was a guest in the city at the time of the conference, that Winnipeg, in doing honor to men of learning, was taking the next essential step to place her in point of importance among the greatest cities in the world. As a commercial and industrial centre the city is well recognized, but when with unobtrusive modesty she pays her tribute to leaders

experimental physics has for years been world-famed.

Professor Thomson became Cavendish professor in 1884, after this celebrated chair had been filled successively by Clerk Maxwell, and Lord Rayleigh, both of them eminent physicists. He is known both as "The Man of Ion," and as the man "who split the atom." The professor's labors have contributed perhaps more towards establishing physics and chemistry on a new basis than those of any other inquirer. When radium was discovered by Madame Curie and her ill-fated husband, Professor Thomson's theories received remarkable support. The Beta rays of radium were found to be composed of electrons, having a mass apparently greater than that of the slower radium electrons. Professor Thomson calculated the mass which ought to correspond to the different velocities on the assumption that the mass of the electrons was entirely of this electrical nature, and the observed values agreed with the calculated ones with an accuracy quite surpassing.

His enthusiasm is infectious and his unbounded energy impresses all who come into contact with him. He lectures to his advanced class, making scientific history as he goes; he lectures to his elementary class on the properties of matter, giving it a liberal education. He does the thinking for his own researches and is always ready to do some more for the twenty or thirty men whose work he supervises; yet, in spite of it all, he has more time for other interests than most men. How he does it is a mystery. When he sleeps, or, indeed, whether he ever does sleep, his students cannot say, but the fact remains that in recent fiction, in the drama, in sport, and in politics, he is abreast of the times and ready to be entertaining or entertained on one or other of these topics.



A DIMLY-LIT ROOM FURNISHED BY THOMSON, LEFT ILLUMINATED BY CONCEALED LIGHTS

Concealing Lights to Save Eyes

By DANIEL HIRCHELL
From Technical World Magazine

THERE is a biblical injunction against hiding one's "light under a bushel." Yet it is probable that in a short time nearly every one who has gas or electricity for lighting will be literally covering the source of light with a metal shade that looks very much like a small bushel measure. For several years, lighting experts and more particularly specialists in eye troubles have decried the evil effects upon the eye of the direct rays from our modern brilliant light sources. This has been made more evident by the introduction and general use of the new high candle-power metallic filament incandescent lamps. There have, therefore, been many attempts to devise a method of interior

illumination by which the rays are reflected once at least before reaching the eye.

There is a considerable number of installations in which this "indirect illumination" is applied in different ways, the most successful heretofore being that in which the light is hidden behind brackets around the edge of the room and reflected towards the ceiling. It has been very limited in application owing to the loss, or absorption, of light by the reflecting surfaces, but where the expense is not considered, very pleasing results were produced. Recent developments have been made that probably mark an epoch in interior lighting and will make indirect illumination a very gen-



PROF. SIR JOSEPH JOHN THOMSON, F.R.S.
From the Chronicle

in the world's thought from such renowned centres as Cambridge, Oxford, Leipzig, or even Harvard and Yale, she formally enters into sympathy with a feature of the world's life quite new to her.

To Professor Sir Joseph John Thomson, F.R.S., the president for 1908-1909, of the British Association, every Canadian may well do homage. When the announcement was made in 1908 that he had been elected president, it was received everywhere with satisfaction, for his research work in



A DIMLY LIT BATHROOM FULL ILLUMINATED BY THE SOFT GLOW OF CONCEALED LIGHTS

and system. In order to make this method commercially available, that is, bring it within the reach of the man of ordinary means, two things were necessary. First, a light of high candle-power at low cost. Second, a reflecting surface that would give the first reflection of light upward without material loss.

Where it was used the necessary candle-power and economy are found in using the higher grade incandescent mantles. During the past year a new type of electric lamp having its filament made of the rare metal, tungsten, has been put on the market, and where electricity is used it proves an ideal source of light for this system. It is an interesting fact that the introduction of the tungsten lamp which made indirect lighting almost a necessity is one of the factors that made it possible. With this lamp the same amount of electric energy will produce about three times the light that would be produced by the old style carbon filament lamp. Electrical energy is meas-

ured in watts, a watt representing 1/746 part of a horse-power. It takes about 355 watts of energy to produce one candle-power of light with the carbon lamp. With the tungsten lamp it requires about 112 watts to produce a candle-power. Consequently, for the same expenditure for current for lighting we can get three times as much light with the tungsten lamp as with the carbon lamp, and can thus economically use a brighter light and have it reflected before reaching the eye.

The reflecting surface of the reflector surrounding the lamp or mantle offers no difficulties, that problem having been solved already after many years of struggle and experiment, and marketed for several years under a somewhat misleading trade name. Reflectors of this type consist of a single piece of blown glass coated on the outside with pure silver, and giving a reflection of remarkable high efficiency. The silvering is protected on the outside by coats of elastic enamel.



A BEDCHAMBER IN WHICH THE CONCEALED LIGHTS ARE USED

Much greater efficiency and durability is claimed by the maker than is obtained by ordinary mirror coatings. The reflector used has, of course, a vital influence on the results in the long run. The necessity for efficiency and durability is evident. It is equally important that the reflector be capable of being molded so as to be uniform and correct in design and compact in form, and to permit of easy and thorough cleaning.

The design or shape of the reflector also has an important bearing on the efficiency and on the effect produced in the room. The correct shape of this inverted reflector for throwing the rays of light to the ceiling without shadows, as adopted, has been the result of considerable calculation and experiment. The perfected design is of a bell shape, having peculiar spiral corrugations. The exposed glass surface is fire-glazed and so is easily cleaned with a soft cloth.

The indirect lighting units worked out consist of this scientifically cor-

rect reflector, fitting in a spun brass casing. On gas fixtures this casing rests on the base of the mantle like a globe. On electric fixtures it can either be suspended by chains or supported from below, as in the case of gas fixtures. It is evident that an infinite variety of ornamental designs can be worked out embodying these units, and judging from the great interest shown, fixture manufacturers in the near future will be designing fixtures for use with this method of illumination.

These lighting units can be easily installed on gas or electric chandeliers already in use. Unless the chandelier arms are very heavy, it can be applied on any electric fixture where the sockets are pendant. The arms do not cast annoying shadows on the ceiling, since the corrugations cause the light to come from so many directions.

The fixtures should be at or near the centre of the room, though side lights can and have been used with satisfactory results. Light-colored

walls are not essential as most of the light is directed to the ceiling. The units can be arranged in a variety of ways. Only a few simple designs of fixtures embodying them are here shown. The fixtures can be installed in single units or multiples, either electric, gas or combinations of both, and it is practical to illuminate in this way, not only residences, but halls and auditoriums.

Of course, this system of illumination is not as successful with beamed ceilings or those of dark tint, but in the majority of instances the ceilings are light and the conditions favorable. There are at present many experimental installations of this system in use among professional and business men in their residences and offices. Without exception, they are enthusiastic in its praise, and are so impressed with the eye-comfort derived from its use, that they would go back to the old system of lighting only under protest. Direct light rays from the filament of the lamp striking the eye cause much trouble and discomfort. We all know that a rough paper which partially breaks up these rays by diffuse reflection is far preferable to the glazed surface so commonly used in our magazines. The rays of light striking fast the reflecting surface of the ceiling lose their injurious effect and the eye-comfort experienced by this

method is very noticeable. One is enabled to see better. While it is true that there is a loss of light, another factor enters to overbalance this. The more easily details can be seen, the more effective is the illumination. When there is a bright naked lamp in front of the eye, the pupils contract and, therefore, the eye takes in less of the light and the things that are illuminated are not seen as clearly as with less light and a wide-open pupil. Hence the fact that there may be less light with indirect illumination does not mean that we see less clearly, but on the contrary, we really see better.

The cost of installation and maintenance does not much exceed that of the ordinary method now in vogue. The benefits and comfort are unquestionably so far superior that to many the cost would not be a matter of consideration. A fixture of one reflector and one 100-watt tungsten lamp or a good gas mantle burner gives a beautiful illumination in a room up to fifteen feet square. This consumption makes the cost very reasonable, being at the cost of gas or electric current of from a half to one cent per hour. This is probably not more than it costs in the majority of instances to illuminate such rooms by the present methods.

Carlyle on Cash Payments

CASH payment never was, or could be, better, for a few years the million lord of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or hereafter to the end of the world.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

Indian Shorthand Writers of B.C.

By LILLIAN E. ZEB

From World To-day

PROBABLY the only tribe of real Indian shorthand writers in the world, who contribute and subscribe to the queerest newspaper now being published, are those belonging to the Kamloops and Douglas River bands living in the interior of British Columbia. Over two thousand of these natives have mastered the art, and regularly read all the news pertaining to the tribe and individuals in their curious journal, called the Kamloops Wawa. Bible, hymn and prayer-books are likewise printed in this sign language. These natives have become members of the church. The writer, recently returned from this region, obtained a series of characteristic photos, together with some interesting information in regard to these little known and remarkable Indian folks.

This extraordinary advance in Indian culture was brought about through the efforts of a French missionary, Le Jeune, sent out from Brittany a few years ago. Kamloops, the headquarters of Missionary Le Jeune, is some three hundred miles and more northeast from Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Just across the river, a few miles up from the town, is the main Indian village or rancherie. Here the natives congregate in large numbers at certain seasons, for this is the important centre of Indian life for some fifty to one hundred miles around. The occupation is principally

hunting, fishing and ranching, and farming in a limited scale.

Prior to the appearance of the missionary, the fraudulent Shinnans—pretenders at the curing of disease, claiming, by aid of supernatural or magic powers to be able to ward off evil spirits and prevent sickness—completely held the people in their superstitious and powerful grasp. Besides hindering their progress in religious matters, a good deal of property was squeezed from the people by their misleading influence. These so-called magical prophets died at the coming of the French pastor, who fully exposed their tricks and false creed to the Indians.

Before Mr. Le Jeune began his educational work the tribes of this locality, living along the canons and banks of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers in British Columbia, were unable to write their language and had no written literature, although each possessed a language which had an extensive mythology, preserved by oral tradition. To-day, nearly all these different tribes, some half dozen or more, are writing letters to one another in their several languages, reading a newspaper, Bibles and songbooks, all by means of shorthand. Pastor Le Jeune found that to be successful in his mission, it would be absolutely necessary to devise a system of communication. He taught the Indians of the various tribes to write their language, and showed them a sign to represent each

sound which they uttered in pronouncing their words. The signs were simply the shorthand symbols of the Daployan photographic system.

After working out an Indian vocabulary in his shorthand signs, containing nearly all the words commonly employed in everyday usage, the pastor in early fall, when the village was thickly populated, first showed and explained his system to one of the bright Indian boys. He took to it intuitively and set to work to decipher some Indian prayers which the pastor gave him. Before Christmas he had pretty thoroughly learned the art of writing his language, and being pleased with his rapid success, he set to work at once to instruct his friends. The new "talk language" created widespread interest and the Indians were all eager to learn it. Soon the young as well as the adult members of each habitation for miles around were engaged in practicing the new method of communication.

The glimpse into one of their homes at night where these Indians—some of whom live in wigwams made of poles covered with mats, birch bark dwellings and log cabins, and where the women still use stone implements to prepare and scrape deer skins—might be seen eagerly bent on learning shorthand, was indeed an odd and unique sight. During the first few months of their schooling it was found that as soon as a few Indians of a camp had learned to read and write shorthand, they were extremely anxious to teach the whole community. Consequently Pastor Le Jeune taught a few members of each village and left it to them to teach their neighbors. They made rather slow progress in the summer time, owing to the fact that they were off at work, ranching and picking berries, but in the winter when they returned home they devoted whole nights to study

and in this way made excellent progress and soon became proficient. Shorthand he claims, is many times simpler than English orthography. The Indians now using this phonetic system for writing are some half-dozen tribes or more living along the Thompson and Fraser Rivers.

After about five hundred or more had mastered this system, it became necessary that their interest be retained by placing reading matter before them, and this was one of the purposes of Missionary Le Jeune realized, for he wished them to be able to read the Bible as well as other religious books. His task was to provide this literature printed in the characters of the system. Not satisfied with teaching his Indian parishioners to write letters in their own language by means of short-hand and to read a paper in their native tongue, he had published various parts of the Bible in nine different languages spoken by the several tribes in this region, using the same method, and still is laboring on additional publications. It is in these languages that the prayers, hymns, parts of the Bible, and the church ritual have been published.

The focus of all religious and intellectual activities, and one point of pilgrimage from long distances by land and river, is the church. This structure, a white frame one, similar to those to be found in villages of eastern Canada and the United States, was built by the Indians and presented to their highly appreciated pastor. They have also made him a present of a carriage and team to enable him to make his visits to far-off villages. The church has a cheerful interior, with comfortable pews. The most striking oddity, however, to the white visitor, is the strange hymn and prayer-books, whose pages are full of the curious shorthand symbols. Mr. Le Jeune preaches in the several native dialects of the country, especially Chinook, the or-

inary trade language used between different tribes and whites throughout much of British Columbia, Alaska and the northwestern coast of the United States. On church and feast days the whole community attend services. The church is well lighted by acetylene gas, and illustrated stereoscopic lectures are frequently given by the pastor.

In the rear of the church is the editorial room where Pastor Le Jeune gets up his quaint shorthand paper. This has sixteen pages about the size of the average book, devoted to church and various local information. "Wawa" is the word for talk in the Chinook jargon, hence it was chosen as a name for the Indian newspaper. It was printed on a

mimograph for the first year, but after this he succeeded in having type made for it and getting it printed on one of the presses of the nearest city. A full page of this unique publication, here reproduced, shows the curious shorthand symbols used in the church services. Several years ago the Provisional Play was enacted here by the Indians, under the direction of their pastor. They are quite proud of their performance and speak of the event with unusual pride. For a novel picture of progressive Indian life, Pastor Le Jeune's queer "Wawa" and his band of Indian shorthand writers quite overshadow all others to be met with in British Columbia.

Tire Themselves Getting Ready

WASHINGTON IRVING tells a story of a man who tried to jump over a hill. He went back so far to get his start for the great leap, and ran so hard, that he was completely exhausted when he came to the hill, and had to lie down to rest. Then he got up and walked over the hill.

A great many people exhaust themselves getting ready to do their work. They are always preparing. They spend their lives getting ready to do something which they never do.

It is an excellent thing to keep improving oneself, to keep growing; but there must be a time to begin the great work of life. I know a man who is almost forty years old, who has not yet decided what he is going to do. He has graduated from college, and taken a number of post-graduate courses—but all along general lines. He has not yet begun to specialize. This man fully believes he is going to do great things yet. I hope he may.—*Success Magazine*.

The Ship of Silence

A Tale of the New Canadian Navy

By

PERCIVAL LANCASTER

IT IS not a pleasant situation to find oneself alone, in a little fishing dory, not more than ten feet long, twenty miles from the Newfoundland coast, with a heavy sea running, at five o'clock of a cold September morning. Yet in just such an one did John McCann, master of the fishing trawler "Bonaventure" find himself upon a certain September morning of the year of grace, 1915.

An hour previously, from the deck of the trawler, he had descried a low, flat object floating upon the heaving surface of the water, which had appeared to him to resemble a raft with a human body lashed upon it, and he had forthwith jumped into the dory and pulled away toward the object in order to investigate matters.

The sea proved to be rougher than he had imagined and a twenty minutes' pull lengthened out into an hour before he came alongside the piece of flotation which he found, upon investigation, to be, not a raft, but a benighted containing a number of dead food which had evidently been washed off the deck of some passing ship. Deeply chagrined that he had had his long and arduous pull for nothing, McCann, noticing that the sea was becoming dangerously rough, pulled his boat's head round and began to look for the trawler, the safety of whose decks he was becoming increasingly anxious to regain.

But, peer as he might through the grey mists of dawn, he could see

nothing of the "Bonaventure," and, with a thrill of the keenest anxiety, John discovered that the mist which surrounded him was becoming denser, that it was, in fact, developing into one of those thick fogs which, upon the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, sweep down and envelop the mariner without the slightest warning.

"By the powers!" ejaculated McCann, whitening a little under his bronze, "I must get back to the ship without delay. It's no joke to be lost in a fog, in a small boat, twenty miles from land, with a constantly increasing sea like this, too. Hallo, there!" he hailed at the top of his voice, "Trawler ahoy; whereabouts are you?"

But, although he knew that his voice would carry to a great distance through the fog, McCann listened in vain for any reply from the "Bonaventure," and it began to be borne in upon him that he was in a very nasty predicament indeed. The trawler had evidently drifted away from him pretty rapidly during his pull toward the supposed raft, and, although she would, no doubt, be well within sight if the fog were able to disperse, she was most certainly out of shouting distance from the unfortunate man in the rowing-boat.

The skipper, however, was not a man to be easily discouraged, and he rapidly calculated how the "raft" had been blown when he left the trawler, and then, turning his boat's head in

the direction in which he guessed the "Bonaventure" must then be lying, commenced to pull, with long, vigorous strokes, across the rapidly-rising sea, the crests of whose waves were already beginning to wash into the little dory, threatening every moment to swamp her.

For ten long minutes McCann tugged at the oars, until, even on that raw, cold morning the sweat streamed down his face; then, rising stiffly to his feet, raised his hands to his mouth, frontwise, and shouted with all his might into the fog.

There was no reply. No sound save the hissing of the sea broke upon the skipper's ears. Once more he shouted, despairingly this time; and this time he fancied, to his delight, that a reply came over the water, but from a great distance and from a different direction to that in which he was pulling. Staring down in the dory, McCann turned his boat's head in the direction from which the sound had appeared to come, and commenced rowing with all his might, hoping very soon to see the shape of the trawler looming dimly over his shoulder; but long minutes after long minutes went by without McCann observing any signs of her, and once more he stopped pulling, and hailed the invisible ship until it seemed as though his lungs must burst with the effort.

This time there was no reply at all. Only the waves hissed and curled round the boat, looking, to McCann's fevered imagination, like beasts waiting for the strength to die out of their prey. Then the man began to realize fully the utter hopelessness of his position and he shouted, shouted, shouted, until his throat was raw and he himself could scarcely hear the sound of his own voice, which had degenerated into a husky whisper. Despair took hold of him and he bowed his head between his hands, praying that death might come quickly and save him the pain of lingering for hours, perhaps for a whole day, waiting for the coming of the inevitable.

In this position the wretched man

remained for perhaps an hour, expecting every moment that his frail shallop would be overwhelmed, and then he suddenly looked up with the feeling strong upon him that something—he knew not what—was close beside him. Listening intently, he made out a sound as though the sea were washing against the face of some large rock, or against the sides of a ship; and, knowing well that there were no rocks in the vicinity, his heart bounded with hope at the thought that he might, in a few minutes, be treading again the good, solid decks of a large ship instead of the flimsy bottom-boards of a frail rowing-boat.

"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" he shouted once more, facing in the direction of the sound; but still no reply came to his frenzied hails. Yet the strange sound of water washing against some large solid substance still rang in his ears, and McCann knew that there must be some big vessel close at hand, although he seemed unable to attract the attention of those on board her.

"Confound them!" he growled, "are they all asleep aboard there? Is a man to perish because the watch in deck—Hallo, there, the ship ahoy!" he vociferated once again, as his straining ears caught the sound of iron clashing against iron; "heave to, will ye?"

Still there was no reply, no sound of human voices, and, with another anguish at the carelessness of those on board, McCann seized his oars and rowed madly through the mist toward the invisible ship, looking eagerly over his shoulder at the white.

Then, suddenly, she loomed up through the mist, and McCann was obliged to twist his boat round hurriedly to avoid running into her.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "what is this—what sort of a ship is she? Steamer, without a doubt; built of iron—or steel, and—by all the powers, she's a warship; and a large one at that. What'll she be doing away out here? I know all the ships of the new Canadian navy, but I'll swear that

there are none of them so large as this vessel. Why, she must be of seven or eight thousand tons displacement, standing out of the water like the side of a house. And not a word about her decks. Well, if this didn't beat creation, I'm a Dutchman."

Here the crest of a sea washed, hissing, into the little dory, putting an end to McCann's astonished sufficiency, and proving to him that, unless he could speedily get on board the enormous steel warship, he would find a watery grave in the depths of the North Atlantic.

But how to climb those steep sides? That was the question. There were certainly guns projecting from her sides, like bristles from the back of an angry porcupine, but the lowest of them proved to be more than fifteen feet above the level of the sea, and her smooth steel sides offered not the slightest projection whereby a man might reach her decks.

"By Jove!" suddenly muttered the seaman, "the ship's engines are not moving; she is holed to for some reason or other. Now, if I can only reach her side, I shall perhaps be able to grasp her stern-gallery and haul myself up into that, after which the rest will be easy. Lucky for me her screws are not working, or I should be unable to try the galley."

So saying, McCann once more sped the oars and, with a few rapid strokes, propelled himself along the ship's side until he came to her counter, when he perceived, to his great relief, that the gallery was placed so low that, by standing up in the boat, and waiting until she was on the crest of a wave he would be able to reach up, and, by grasping the railing, haul himself up into safety.

Carefully watching his opportunity, therefore, the skipper stood up; and, as the foaming crest of a wave washed his boat heavenwards, sprang with all his might for the railing, which he fortunately succeeded in grasping. A moment later he had clung over the rail and stood in safety, looking down at his own dory which was rapidly

settling down below the surface of the water.

"A narrow escape, that!" observed McCann, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "I don't know that I've ever had a narrower. But I'm safe at last, thank heaven, and the next thing is to find out all about this queer, silent ship the crew of which seem to be asleep."

With these words the fisherman laid his hand on the handle of the door leading from the gallery to the captain's cabin, and, opening it, walked inside, closing the door carefully behind him. There was somebody in the room, seated at a table in the far corner of the cabin, apparently busily writing, so, taking off his water-soaked hat, McCann walked a few steps forward and, clearing his throat, observed in his deep tones: "Good morning, sir. I have taken the liberty of coming aboard by way of your stern-gallery, because I could not attract the attention of anybody on deck."

To his astonishment, however, the figure did not move, nor did it vouchsafe any reply; although now that his eyes were more accustomed to the semi-darkness of the cabin, McCann could see that it was the captain whom he was addressing, because of the epaulettes on his shoulder and the broad gold bands upon his cuff. Clearing his throat once more he was about to address the figure again when his attention was attracted by a certain strange rigidity and lack of movement in the form, and a sudden fear gripped his heart.

"Great powers!" he exclaimed; "a tragedy has taken place here; the man is dead! I must go at once and summon assistance."

Rushing from the cabin, McCann hastened along the main deck in search of somebody to whom he could tell the news; but, to his utter bewilderment, the place seemed to be deserted. It was the strangest affair, thus, that he had ever heard of. A ship—a warship, hove to, with nobody on deck, the skipper dead in his

THE SHIP OF SILENCE.

cabin, and the lower decks deserted! McCann did not know what to make of it and fear, cold, creeping fear, began to steal over him at the mystery and horror of his surroundings.

Then, suddenly, he emerged upon the mess deck and, there before him, lay the solution of the mystery. The mess tables were laid and the ship's crew sat before them intent upon their meal. But, strange to say, not a man looked up as the skipper of the trawler rushed unceremoniously into the flat.

"I say," shouted McCann to this silent company; "your captain sits in his cabin, dead. Where can I find the first lieutenant and the surgeon?"

Not a sound came in reply from the men gathered there, and once more McCann repeated his question, thinking that he had not spoken loudly enough; but again there was no reply from the ranks of the seamen.

With his hair bristling upon his scalp from a fear to which he, as yet, hardly dared give a name, McCann crept forward and timidly touched one of the sailors on the hand, starting back in horror immediately afterwards, for the hand was cold as ice and rigid as that of a wax figure.

"Dead! dead! all dead!" shrieked McCann, wildly. "I see it all now. Some dreadful disease has seized this ship's crew, smothering them with the hand of death where they sat. Oh, it is horrible, horrible! This ship is a ship of the dead. Would to heaven I had stayed in my boat and gone down in her, for this is enough to drive any man out of his mind. Poor fellows! poor fellows! what an awful fate! Struck down in a moment while they were at their meal. What on earth can the disease be that falls upon men so suddenly, and cuts them off before they have time—"

A terrific explosion, a blinding flash of light, a concussion that hurled him, half blinded and stunned against the bulkhead, interrupted the flow of McCann's thoughts, and, as he slowly and painfully staggered to his feet, with hands outstretched be-

fore him, there came to his ears the distant clunker of a heavy gun.

"What's happening now?" shrieked the unhappy man, rushing forward panic-stricken! "Another warship firing at us! What on earth can be the meaning of it all? This is ghastly—it is not natural—a strange ironclad, peopled with dead, being fired into by another ship, one of our own Canadian cruisers, by the sound of her guns. I wish to heaven I had never set eyes on this ship of horror."

Here another appalling explosion rent the air and, looking round, McCann saw that a shell had burst right upon the very spot where he had been standing a few seconds previously, blowing away half of one of the mess tables and sending the limbs and parts of the bodies of the dead sailors hurtling in all directions.

Again and again the shells struck the ironclad, making her quiver from stem to stern, while the air seemed to vibrate with the concussion of the bursting missiles and to be full of blinding flashes of light. Fragments of iron and steel whistled past McCann's ears, causing him to crouch down upon the rent and dismantled decks which were now covered with debris; and it seemed to him as though the end of all things was at hand. Never had he dreamed of such a horror as this, never could he have believed that such things could happen, and the unhappy man's brain reeled until reason herself trembled in the balance.

Then, suddenly, the end came. A more dreadful explosion than any which had gone before roared in McCann's ears, and, simultaneously he felt himself struck upon the head by something heavy. A deadly sickness stole over him, he felt something warm and sickly trickling down his neck, and, a moment later, his senses left him and he lapsed into oblivion.

When he next opened his eyes he found himself lying on his back on the deck of another, smaller ship, looking into the kindly face of a little, stout, clean-shaven man in the

uniform of a captain in the Canadian navy.

"Well, my man," said the latter, smiling, "how do you feel now? You've had a pretty narrow escape, let me tell you. What on earth were you doing aboard that ship?"

"I feel all right now," answered McCann, endeavoring to sit up, and failing in the attempt, "only my head's humming like a spinning-top." He then went on to describe the circumstances which had led to his getting aboard of that ship of silence; concluding by asking the captain what horror it was from which he had so opportunely been rescued.

"There was no horror at all about it," replied the Canadian officer, laughing. "Your nerves had been a bit upset by your narrow escape from drowning, I suppose, or else you would hardly have failed to notice that your 'dead' men were not dead at all—never having been alive—but were merely dummies."

"Dummies?" returned the perplexed McCann; "what in thunder were dummies doing aboard an ironclad?"

"The dummies were doing nothing," replied the skipper. "Things were being done to them. That ship you were on board, sir, was nothing less than a target ship. The Dominion Government was anxious to experiment with the guns of the new navy which Canada has just built for herself; and for that purpose the old English battleship 'Rodney' was purchased and fitted up with guns and dummy figures. The idea was to find out, from actual experience, the results of modern shell-fire upon a ship, and she was, therefore, allowed to drift about out yonder while five of our cruisers hammered at her for an hour. You must have climbed

aboard only a few minutes before the fog lifted, or else you would have noticed this ship and her consorts and guessed what was to take place. As it was, you must have only just got below when the mist rose, disclosing to us our target; and as we were quite ready to commence firing—why, we did so forthwith, being, of course, unaware that there was any living soul on board the 'Rodney.' Then, when the practice was over, and the party was sent to report upon the results of the gunnery, your miserable body was found—much to the astonishment of my men, and brought on board this ship, the 'Ottawa.' You see, as I said before, a very narrow escape, Mr. McCann; and I rather imagine that, in future, you will be chary of boarding any of His Majesty's ships without first receiving a written invitation. We shall be in Halifax this afternoon," he continued, still smiling, "when you will be put ashore safe—if not altogether sound—and from that place you will, no doubt, be able to make your way to your own home."

"Mr. Dupont," he went on, turning to the first lieutenant, "take this gentleman down below to the ward room and give him a big drink of whisky; I think his nerves are a little in need of a little stimulant at the present moment. Good morning, Mr. McCann," he concluded, and, going forward, he climbed up on the navigation bridge and stood looking at the land which was already showing like a cloud upon the edge of the horizon; while McCann, with watering foot-steps, and leaning upon the arm of the first lieutenant, went below to obtain that refreshment of which, there could be no doubt, he stood very sadly in need.



WITH THE ALPINE CLUB AROUND THE CAMP FIRE IN PARADISE VALLEY

The Alpine Club of Canada

By
FRANK YEIGH.

ONE of the newest national organizations of the Dominion is the Alpine Club of Canada.

It was felt by many lovers of the mountains that the time had come to establish such a club. The first suggestion was, however, to form a Canadian branch of the American Alpine Club, and circulars of enquiry were sent out to prospective members, soliciting their opinions as to this latter proposition. The response was so overwhelmingly in favor of creating a purely Canadian organization that it was brought to pass, in March of 1906. Though only three and a half years old, the club to-day has a membership rapidly nearing the five-hundred mark, with excellent prospects

for a steady advance beyond that creditable number.

Credit for the original idea must, however, be given to Sir Sandford Fleming, and what really is the birth of the Canadian Alpine Club is recorded by Dr. Fleming in the Canadian Alpine Journal of 1907, in which, describing the discovery and survey of the Rogers Pass in 1883, he records:

"A party had been detailed to cut out a trail westward, which we are to follow as far as it is made passable. Beyond that point our party will be the first to pass across the Selkirk range from its eastern base on the upper Columbia to the second crossing of that river. The horses are still





A RUN ON THE WAY UP MOUNTAINS

feeding, and we have some time at our command. As we view the landscape we feel as if some memorial should be preserved of our visit here, and we organize a Canadian Alpine Club. The writer, as a grandfather, is appointed interim president, Dr. Grant,

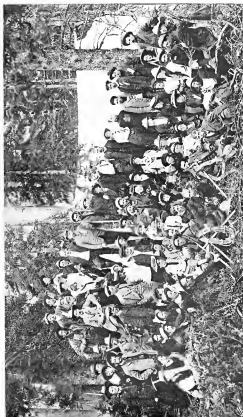
secretary, and my son, S. H. Fleming, treasurer. A meeting is held, and we turn to one of the springs rippling down to the liliesweet and drink success to the organization. Unanimously we carry resolutions of acknowledgment to Major Rogers, the discoverer of the pass, and to his nephew, for assisting him."

Nothing further was done, however, until the action above indicated was taken in 1906. The objects of the club are, briefly stated: (1) the promotion of scientific study and the exploration of Canadian alpine and glacial regions; (2) the cultivation of art in relation to mountain scenery; (3) the education of Canadians to an appreciation of their mountain heritage; (4) the advancement of the mountain craft and the opening of new regions as a mutual playground; (5) the preservation of the natural beauties of the mountain places and of the fauna and flora in their habitat; (6) and the interchange of ideas with other Alpine organizations.

It is quite erroneous, therefore, to suppose that the members include a certain number of people who are afflicted with mountain-climbing mania, and to whom it is merely a sport or



A FEW OF THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS



SOME OF THE CLIMBERS OF 1906



CLIMBING A STEEP SNOW SLOPE

a pastime. While this is involved—for a more glorious sport or a more exhilarating pastime the world cannot provide—that may be said to be the least of the advantages. The paramount idea in the minds of those who originated the club was to reveal to the Canadian people the wonderful heritage which is given them in their western mountain world—a region of hills so vast that it would swallow up twenty-five Switzerland, and still leave a wide margin. No country, in fact, possesses such an Al-

pine region. To some it may be only a barren sea of snow-crowned summits, so many Native obstacles to be overcome, so many mountain ranges to be marked on a topographical map. Those who see this and nothing more in God's eternal hills are to be pitied for their blindness. The response, however, that followed the formation of the club was a pleasant surprise to those interested. The supposed Canadian indifference to the possession of such a vast playground was not as marked as was thought, but while this is the fact, there yet remains much pioneering work to be done before the country fully awakens to a sense of its great asset.

The Alpine Club of Canada encourages life amid and among the mountains. It seeks to stimulate mountain climbing as a pastime that demands qualities of mind and muscle that are worthy of being developed. To hit the trail among Rockies or Selkies, to live a few delectable days among the perfumed forests, to strike camp on the upper heights and then to climb, and climb and climb until the highest peaks are conquered and one is able to stand on the roof of the world—all this is richly worth while



CLIMBING DOWN ROUGH SLOPES

and would alone justify the formation and existence of an Alpine Club.

To stand on such a lofty peak as Mount Vice-President or Temple or Aberdeen or Sir Donald, and therefrom to view a panorama of companion peaks reaching in every direction, until the eye included at a single sweep two hundred miles of mountains, is to have a vision of Nature in all her grandeur and magnitude, to all her sublimity and power, that will never be effaced from the memory.

In order to cultivate and stimulate mountain climbing as a national pastime, the Alpine Club of Canada conducts annual summer climbs. The first, held during 1905, had for its rendezvous the saddle-back overlooking the Yoho Canyon. It proved to be the largest and most successful climb ever held, so far as known, under the auspices of a mountaineering organization. Scores of members of both sexes qualified for active membership by climbing Mount Vice-President, the height of which exceeds the standard of ten thousand feet above sea level.

The climbers of 1907 foregathered in the wonderful Paradise Valley, encircled by a chain of monster moun-

tains, Mount Temple being the loftiest. Here an even larger number achieved the qualifying summits of Temple and Aberdeen amid experiences that will never be forgotten.

Nineteen hundred and eight saw another successful camp in Rogers Pass of the Selkies, while the camp of 1909 again met in the Rockies, this time on the shores of Lake O'Hara—a wonderful mountain tarn near the summit of the Great Divide, and though thousands of feet above sea-



HARD WALKING IN SOFT SNOW



A VIEW OF THE YOHU CANYON OF 1905



ALPINE CLUB CAMP

IN THE VALLEY AND END OF THE PARADISE VALLEY TRAIL

level, yet its pellucid waters reflect still higher mountain masses. Of those who have qualified as active members during these four camps, probably not one would willingly lose the memory of the experiences. It constitutes something to dream about and to recall for the rest of one's days.

If mountain climbing, however, were the sole and only feature it might be a subject of debate whether the organization was warranted. But when cognizance is taken of the scientific work of the club and of the element of discovery involved, then such an organization will appeal to an ever-widening circle. Already a definite beginning has been made along scientific lines in the measurement of the ice flow of some of the great glacial streams, such as the Illecillewaet Glacier and the Wapta or Yoho Glacier.

The club has been the means of stimulating trail-making, with the result that whereas but a few years ago there were comparatively few places available at any distance from the railway, now beautiful regions have been opened up farther afield so that the mountain visitor can revel in the scenery revealed on the way to Paradise Valley or Moraine Lake. He may take a wonderful two-day trip up the bed of the Yoho Canyon, returning by the upper trail, or he may penetrate a Selkirk forest up the Conger Valley to the wonderful caves carved out of the mountain side. These are but a few of the mountain paths that

have recently been made. It must be remembered that only a tithe of our mountain world is accessible and fresh discoveries of wonderful valleys and ranges await the explorer. An organization such as the Alpine Club of Canada can be an important factor in this work.

Many other fields of activity suggest themselves. Is it not worth while to more closely study the flora and fauna of the mountains, though excellent work has already been done by Mrs. Henshaw and others? Is there not work for the botanist in these Alpine regions, where one may discover a wonderful revelation of the profligality and color-painting of Nature?

Is it not worth while, moreover, to take more detailed note of the forest areas of the western ranges, of the productive water powers, of possible indications of mineral wealth? And what of the wild life of the hills, where the bear and the mountain lion, the big-horned sheep and the deer find a congenial habitat?

Is it not worth while looking ahead a few decades or generations and play our part in exploring and making known our mountain land—to perform a pioneering work that will bear its fruit in years to come?

Such are a few of the reasons why an Alpine Club deserves to meet with the fullest success, and why it should be recognized as not the least valuable evidence of the new national spirit that is sweeping over the Dominion.

SUCCESS is only for those who are willing to stand by their standards—who are ready to endure the siege of misjudgment—who are prepared to face the fire of criticism and to accept defeat until they become vaccinated against it. Most men who gave up would have arrived if they had kept up—Kaufman.



VALLEY OF THE TEN THOUSAND
A MOUNTAIN PASSING NEAR THE OCEAN

The Lure of the Berry

From
The Atlantic Monthly

MEN have sung the praises of fishing and hunting; they have extolled the joys of boating and riding; they have dealt at length upon the pleasures of automobiling. But there is one—sport, shall I call it?—which no one seems to have thought worth mentioning—the gentle sport of berrying.

Perhaps calling it a sport is an unfortunate beginning,—it gives us too much to live up to. No, it is not a sport; though I can't think why, since it is quite as active as drop-line fishing. Perhaps the trouble is with the game—the fish are more active than the berries, and their excesses cover the deficiencies of the stolid figure in the boat.

What, then, shall we call it? not an occupation, it is too desultory for that; nor an amusement, because of a certain tradition of usefulness that hangs about it. Probably it belongs in that small but select group of things that we do ostensibly because they are useful, but really because they are fun. At any rate, it does not matter how we class it,—it is just berrying.

Not strawberrying. Strawberries are so far down, and so few! They cannot be picked with comfort by anyone over six years old. Nor blackberrying! Blackberries are good when gathered in, but in the gathering process there is nothing restful or soothing. They always grow in hot places, and the briars make you cross; they pull your hair and tear your clothes and scratch your wrists; and the berries stain your fingers dark

blue; and, moreover, they are frequented by those unpleasant little triangular greenish-brown creatures known as squash-bugs, which I believe even the Ancient Mariner would not have been called upon to love. No, I do not mean blackberrying.

What then? What indeed but huckleberrying! How can I adequately sing the praises of the gentle, the neat, the comfortable huckleberry! No briars, no squash-bugs, no back-breaking stoop or arm-rending stretch to reach them; just a big, bushy, green clump, full of glossy black or softly blue berries, where you can sit right down on the tussocks amongst them, put your pall underneath a bush, and begin. At first, the hand-falls drop in with a high-keyed "plink-ing" sound; then, when the "bottom is covered," this changes to a soft patter altogether satisfactory; and as you sit stripping the crisp branches and letting the neat little balls roll through your fingers, your spirit grows calm within you, you feel the breeze, you look up now and then over stretches of hill or pasture or sky, and you settle into a state of complete acquiescence with things as they are.

For there is always a breeze, and always a view, at least where any huckleberries grow. If any one should ask me where to find a good situation for a house, I should answer, with a comprehensive wave of my arm, "Oh, choose any huckleberry patch." Only 't were pity to demolish so excellent a thing as a huckleberry patch, merely

—violet or doubtful a thing as a moon.

I know one such—a royal one, even among huckleberry patches. To get to it you go up an old road—up, and up, and up—you pass big fields, new mown and wide open to the sky, you get broader and broader outlooks over green woodland and blue rolling hills, with a lot of azure river in the midst. You come out on great flats of rock, thinly edged with light turf, and there before you are the "berry lots," as the native calls them—rolling, windy uplands, with nothing bigger than cranberries and wild-cherry trees to break the sweeps. The berry bushes crowd together in thick-set patches, waist high, interspersed with big "high-bush" shrubs in clumps or alone, and great, dark masses of richly glossy, richly fragrant bay, and low, heavy juniper. The pointed cedars stand about like sentinels, stiff enough save where their sensitive tops lean delicately away from the wind; and in the scant herbage between are golden-rod—the earliest and the latest alike at home here—and red lilies, and thistles, and asters; and down close to the ground, if you care to stoop for them, trailing vines of dewberries with their fruit, the sweetest of all the huckleberries. Truly it is a goodly prospect, and one to fill the heart with satisfaction that the world is as it is.

The pleasure of huckleberrying is path in the season—the late summer time, from mid-July to September. The poignant joys of early spring are passed, and the exuberance of early summer, while the keen stimulus of autumn has not yet come. Things are at point. The laying is over, the meadows, short of their rich grass, lie tawny-green under the sky and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for dreams or a time for exploits; it is a time for—*for*—well, for berrying!

But you must choose your days carefully, as you do your fishing and hunting days. The berries "bite best" with a brisk west wind, though a south one is not to be despised, and

a north one, rare at this season, gives a pleasant suggestion of fall while the sun has still all the fervor of summer. Choose a day that has clouds in it, too, for you will feel their movement even when you do not look up. Then take your pail and set out. Do not be in a hurry, and do not promise to be back at any definite time. And, finally, either go alone or with just the right companion. I do not know any circumstances wherein the choice of a companion needs more care than in berrying. It may make or mar the whole adventure. For you must have a person not too energetic, or a standard of speed will be established that will spoil everything; nor too conscientious—it is maddening to be told that you have not picked the bushes clean enough; nor too diligent, so that one feels guilty if one looks at the view or acknowledges the breeze; nor too restless, so that one is being constantly halted to fresh woods and pastures new. A slightly general person is not bad, with a desultory, semi-philosophic bent, and a gift for being contented with easy physical occupation. In fact, I find that I am, by exclusion and inclusion, narrowing my description to fit a certain type of small boy. And I believe that here the ideal companion is to be found; if indeed he is not, as I more than suspect he is, the ideal companion for every form of recreation in life. Yes, the boy is the thing. Some of my choicest hours in the berry lots have been spent with a boy as companion, some boy who loves to be in the wild and sun without knowing that he loves it, who philosophizes without knowing that he does so, who picks berries with sufficient diligence sometimes, and with a delightful irresponsibility at other times. Who likes to move on, now and then, but is hapless to kick turf around the edges of the clump if you are inclined to stay. Who takes pride in filling his pail, but is not so desperately single-minded that he is unmoved by the seductions of goldenrod in bloom, of juniper and bayberries, or of dry goldenrod

stalks (for kite sticks), of thistles for puff-balls, of deserted birds' nests, and all the other delights that fall in his way.

For berrying does not consist chiefly in getting berries, any more than fishing consists chiefly in getting fish, or hunting in getting birds. The essence of berrying is the state of mind that accompanies it. It is a semi-contemplative recreation, providing physical quiet with just enough motion to prevent restlessness, being, in this respect, like "whittling." I said semi-contemplative, because, while it seems to induce meditation, the beauty of it is that you don't really meditate at all, you only think you are doing so, or are going to. That is what makes it so recuperative in its effects. It just delicately shares the line between, on the one hand, stimulating you to thought, and on the other, boring you because it does not stimulate; and thus it

brings about in you a perfect state of poised most restful in itself, and in complete harmony with the midsummer season.

Yes, fishing is good, and hunting is good, and all the sports are good in their turn—even sitting in a rocking-chair on a boarding-house piazza has, perhaps, its charms and its benefits for some—but when the sun is hot and the wind is cool, when the hay is in and the yellowing fields lie broad, when the deep woods have gathered their birds and their secrets to their very hearts, when the sky is warmly blue, the clouds pile soft or float thin and light, then give me a pail and let me wander up, up, to the great open berry lots. I will let the sun shine on me and the wind blow me, and I will love the whole big world, and I will think not a single thought, and at sundown I will come home with a full pail and a contentedly empty mind.

Our Age of Chivalry

SOME say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, "I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt." The age of chivalry is never past, so long as we have faith enough to say, "God will help me to redress that wrong; or, if not me, He will help those that come after me, for His eternal Will is to overcome evil with good."—C. Kingsley.

Half the Nine of Hearts

By R. P. POSTER.

From the Popular Magazine.

ARTHUR MUYBRIDGE, just out of college, was winding up his trip abroad. Happening to run across Frank Robinson, a New York friend, who was rushing for a train, he had only time to promise to dine with him at the Savoy on the next day, and to make up a rubber at bridge.

Returning to his hotel, not knowing exactly what to do with himself, he appealed to the clerk at the desk, who advised him to go to the coronation hall at Covent Garden.

The men did not wear masks in London, the clerk told him, and all he needed was evening dress. He need not be afraid to speak to any one he saw, the clerk added, with a smile; there would be no offense.

Arriving shortly after midnight, Arthur Muybridge stood idly on the raised steps round the dancing floor, looking at the throng of beautiful costumes that were to compete for the grand prize. Some women wore masks, and some did not; among them Muybridge recognized one or two favorites of the footlights.

While still loitering against a post, Muybridge became suddenly conscious of a girl standing beside him and also watching the dancers. She was evidently not a competitor for the grand prize, being in ordinary evening dress; but, by way of a mask, she wore a pair of light gray automobile goggles, which gave her a very curious appearance and provoked a smile from almost every one who saw her.

Arthur Muybridge could not help

observing the graceful figure, the finely rounded arms, the tapering shoulders, the clean-cut nose and chin, the pretty mouth, and the provoking goggles that hid the upper part of the rosy cheeks and the lower half of the fair forehead.

Somehow or other, he felt that the girl at his side was out of her element among those surroundings. No one spoke to her. She recognized no one who passed about on the floor below, although almost every man looked up at her with a smile. The hotel clerk's parting words, "You can speak to any one there without giving offense," kept ringing in his ears, until at last, hardly realising what he was doing, he made some remark to her about the costumes on the floor.

She blushed slightly, and answered in monosyllables; but she did not move away. She did not look at him, her eyes seeming to follow a figure on the floor—that of a man, with his arms round a very decocted young woman in red. He looked like a foreigner, with very black curly hair and military monstache, handsome but hideous.

Becoming bolder, Muybridge asked the girl if he might not have the next dance.

"Oh thanks, no!" she said quickly. "I am here only to look on. In fact, I came just for a lark."

He laughed lightly, and explained that such was his own case. "I judge from your accent that you are an American," he added.

"I guess you are, too," she an-

swered, showing a perfect set of teeth, and turning the goggles full up on him.

"Yes, I am Arthur Muybridge, of New York."

"Indeed!" she said simply. "I did not know that persons gave their names to strangers in places like this."

"There are no strangers here this evening," he said, smiling. "Come, I really must have just one waltz with you, Miss—What shall I call you?"

"Call me Miss Brown, if you don't mind." She took his arm, and stepped down on the dancing floor for the waltz.

He could dance; so could she. They put to shame all the English waiters on the floor. If the grand prize had been for the dancing, and not for the dresses, they would have won it "feet down," he assured her.

After the dance they sat down for a few minutes, and he noticed that she followed the foreigner with her eyes as he escorted the girl in red to an upper box and ordered wine. A smile of contempt curled her lip for a moment; then she turned to her companion and mechanically stood up for the next dance, without waiting to be asked, even.

Neither of them had a dance card, and she said that she would give him "just one more" and then she must be going; but she did not go. She seemed to be quite at ease with her new-found acquaintance, and he was getting more deeply infatuated with her at every moment. Several other men asked her for a dance, only to be met by a pleasant smile and a firm refusal. Arthur Muybridge could not help expressing his appreciation of the subtle flattery of her devotion to him, which seemed to be interrupted only by her occasional glances at the foreigner.

A couple whirled past them in the dance, and the man smiled, as though in pleased recognition. She turned her head away, with a blush.

"I believe that gentleman thinks he knows me," she whispered.

"No. It is I whom he recognizes,"

Muybridge assured her. "That Frank Robinson, another American, I am to dine with him to-morrow night; or, rather, to-night, as it is now. By the way," he added suddenly, "I suppose you did not come here alone?"

"Of course not! But I must ask you not to follow me when I leave. I changed my dress, and put on my goggles in the box, and even those I came with do not recognize me. Isn't that a joke? But," she added hastily, "this must positively be the last dance with you. It must be nearly two o'clock. You have been very nice." He felt a faint pressure of the hand as she spoke.

As he escorted her from the floor, she glanced up at one of the boxes, and, seeing that it was empty, told him that he might go up with her and help her with her wrap as soon as the next music began. Alone with her for a moment, he begged her to take off her goggles just for a second, but she laughingly refused. Then he pleaded for some promise of further acquaintance; but she only laughed again, shaking her head very positively. Would she not give him a glove, or a ribbon, even?

She couldn't think of such a thing, and began to hunt for her veil among some overcoats that were laid on the chairs. One of these coats fell to the floor, and out of the pocket dribbled several playing cards. As she picked them up to replace them, an elfen seemed to strike her, and tearing one of them in half, she handed him part of it, telling him to keep it until he met a girl who held the other half, which she tucked into her bosom.

As she pushed the cards back into the pocket of the overcoat, she stopped suddenly and pulled out what she thought was a cardcase, but it was a little pasteboard box, with a locket in it. Opening it with feminine curiosity, she glanced at the miniature inside; and Arthur Muybridge noted that it was the face of an Italian girl, in native costume. Instead of replacing it in the coat, she kept it in her

hand as she pushed him out of the door.

"You must be going!" she exclaimed quickly. "They will be coming up from the dance. Good-night, and—thank you so much."

By the light of the lamp in the hall, Maybridge discovered that he was in possession of half the nine of hearts. "The wish card," he whispered, pressing it to his lips. "My wish is that we may meet again, perhaps never to part. Who knows?" Then he tucked it carefully away in his cardcase.

Maybridge was the first to arrive for the dinner, and Frank Robinson chided him unmercifully about his fair partner, absolutely refusing to believe that he did not know who she was.

Imagine Arthur's surprise, when the guests assembled, to recognize one of them as the foreigner at the Covent Garden ball. The recognition was not mutual; for the foreigner had been too much occupied with the girl in red. He was presented as Count Fabretti, an Italian of distinguished family. The three other men were Americans, only one of whom Maybridge had met before.

The dinner over, they adjourned to a private room for bridge; but, as one of them remarked that ten sitting out for a whole rubber was slow work, it was proposed to change the game to poker; and poker it was, the water providing them with small silver enough to take the place of chips.

The game had not proceeded very far before Maybridge's keen eyes told him that there was something peculiar about the count's methods. The foreigner certainly had extraordinary luck.

Arthur Maybridge had conceived a violent dislike to the count from the first, although he could not tell just why. He felt sure that his friends were being "raked," and that Frank Robinson was getting the worst of it, probably because he was the richest man in the party. So persistently did luck run against Robinson that, on

two occasions when he had four of a kind beaten by the count, he tore up the cards and threw them on the floor, insisting on dealing for a new pack.

The second time this happened the waiter informed them that it was too late to procure any more cards that night, and it looked as though the game would be broken up; but Frank Robinson was so eager for a chance to retrieve his losses that he proposed to play even with a euchre pack.

Even a euchre pack could not be made up without the lost cards; but suddenly the count recollected that he had brought a pack of cards from the club the evening before, to play solitaire with; and he still had them in his overcoat pocket. After some admonitions to Frank Robinson not to lose his temper and tear up the cards again, the game was resumed.

The more closely Arthur watched the count, the more certain he became the count was a card sharper. And yet he knew that it would be folly to say anything, as it would be his word against the count's, and a fight on his hands.

They had not played more than a few rounds with the new cards when Robinson dealt and Maybridge opened a jack pot with four kings pot. To his astonishment, Frank raised him four times before the draw. No one else staved; but the count looked wisely at the pile of coins in the pool.

Maybridge stood up and bet the limit—twenty-five pounds—against Robinson's one-card draw. Robinson glanced at the money for a moment, and then suddenly turned up the edge of the card he had drawn. The moment he saw what it was, he threw it face upward on the table, with an oath.

"Look at that infernal nine of clubs! If that had been the nine of hearts, I had a straight flush and would have raised your head off, Arthur; but a straight is no good against your put hand, I know." He spread about the table the seven, eight, ten and jack of hearts, while Maybridge took the pot. "Where is that infernal evil, anyway?" continued Robinson. "Could

I have drawn it, or did one of you have it?"

Maybridge showed his four kings. The others denied having held the nine of hearts.

Robinson ran through the pack hurriedly, but the nine of hearts was not there. Then he went over the discarded. Not there, either! Then he counted the cards. The pack was one short!

With a sudden feeling of dizziness, Maybridge took up one of the cards and looked at the pattern on the back.

The pattern on the back was the same as that of the cards on the table.

The count recognized it instantly.

"May I ask how you came to have that card in your pocket, sir?" he demanded, in a threatening tone. "Those are Sussex Club cards, with their monogram on the back. How came you to that card? How do you come to have part of this pack in your pocket?"

Before Maybridge had time to answer, or even to collect his thoughts, the count started up, with an oath.

"Ha-ha—I have it! You are the secondhand who picked my pocket last night at the ball. I see it all, now. You know, we had our coats lying on the chairs in the box," he continued excitedly, turning to Robinson. "Some blackguard stole a pocket from my coat, and he must have taken a card with him. Your esteemed friend, Mr. Robber's son, is the thief."

The other men started up in amazement, and tried to calm the count, not noticing that Maybridge was taking off his coat, while with passion. A moment later it took four of them to hold him back from his declared intention of tearing the count to pieces.

They tried to calm the count, who was fuming with rage; they assured him that there must be some mistake. They knew Arthur Maybridge to be above suspicion. He would certainly explain.

Explain! Not he! He would tear the count's heart out the moment he got at him. Send for the police and

seize him, and then leave him alone in the room with the dirty Italian for five minutes! That was all he asked.

The count reached to his lap pocket; then seemed to think better of it, and pointed at the cards on the table.

"That is my card that he had in his pocket. He took it from my coat, and he took the jacket at the same time. Yes! Send for the police and search him! Is it proof? He is the thief!"

Frank Robinson returned in a few minutes with a policeman, accompanied by the hotel detective and another man in plain clothes.

The gentlemen gave their names and explained the situation. The hotel detective compared the cards carefully, and then proceeded to search Maybridge in a perfunctory sort of way. The man in plain clothes, in the meantime, never took his eyes off the count. Finally he stepped close to him, and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Parlon me, Count Fabretti," he said quietly, "but, if you are not the Enrico Desmi who was sent up some years ago for swindling, I owe you an apology."

An instant later the nippers were on the count's wrists.

Maybridge placed his half of the nine of hearts in his cardcase again, as Robinson apologized to his friends.

"I must go home at once," he said, aside, to Maybridge. "This is terrible. Edith will die of mortification."

"And who is Edith?" asked Maybridge curiously. "I did not know you had a sister."

"She is not my sister. We are stopping with the Dangerfields at Richmond. Edith is their daughter. I always thought this foreign adventurer was after her money, and nothing else. You must meet her some day when we all get back to America—when she gets over this shock. We are all going back on the Aladdin on Tuesday."

"Will you do me a great favor?" Arthur demanded earnestly. "Just tell Miss Dangerfield that the other half of the nine of hearts will be on the Aladdin."

The Laurier of South Africa

From
Current Literature

WITHOUT that miracle of conciliatory capacity, the personality of Louis Botha, South Africa, would not to-day, in the opinion of the well informed, have put together the machinery of that federal government which is soon to provide her with a governor-general, a senate and an assembly. Many weary months have come and gone since the delegates first assembled in Durban to create what the London Post calls "another United States." Time and again the tumultuous sessions seemed to have ended forever in fierce feud between Boer and Briton; yet time and again Louis Botha saved each crisis as it came. Botha settled the quarrel that resulted in the choice of Pretoria as the seat of the new union government. He effected the compromise that has made Cape Town the seat of the legislature. He hit upon the idea of establishing the judicial branch of the federation government at Bloemfontein. The "new United States," that is, will have three capitals — as if our Congress were to meet in Philadelphia, the Supreme Court were to assemble in San Francisco, while the President and the White House were put at St. Louis. Thus at every story of the constitutional edifice just built in South Africa, the Botha architecture effects new and strange adaptations. Botha himself remained in the background, but his personality, his capacity for conciliation, his genius for

compromise, his gifts as a harmonizer brought the work to completion.

For one who has had to pass through so much of the strife of this South African unification, Louis Botha still lives the most placid of lives on his vast farm. Faction, feud and fury never fret him. His beautiful country house near Pretoria stands in the centre of what the English would regard as a vast landed estate. The property contains rich veins of coal and iron ore, quantities of luxurious forest, threading streams of cold clear water. The soil is for the most part arable and well planted. The nature of Louis Botha has always been hospitable. His week end parties have been celebrated as the most delightful functions in all Africa. The great, lighted and sunny rooms in which the guest is made at home, the abundance of cheer, the eager start for the day's hunt and the succession of games of tennis or golf suggest a somewhat royal conception of the duties of a host. It is as a host, again, that the purely personal side of Louis Botha reveals itself most genuinely. He never wearies of entertaining. He is the life and soul of his own groaning board, his conversation never sparkling, perhaps, yet remaining human and entertaining.

From the domestic standpoint, Louis Botha, to follow the details of a character sketch in the London World, is one of the most enviable

of men. He married a grandniece of Robert Emmett, the illustrious Irish nationalist who was hanged for his politics in 1803. Mrs. Botha, a handsome and matronly woman in middle life, has all the stately impressiveness of the Emmett family and a generous allowance of their beauty. Tall, with a countenance of great symmetry and what is called a "presence," the wife of the most famed of living Boers, shares the hospitable tastes of her husband. She has earned the credit of being the most popular woman in South Africa and because of her generosity along political and racial lines in giving invitations to her affairs she has won many friends among those who are most vehemently opposed to her husband's policies. In fact, Mrs. Botha has at times been suspected of using the tact of the wellbred and popular hostess in smoothing away the difficulties the General is apt to bring upon himself by too rigid an insistence upon some of his political opinions.

Perhaps the most conspicuous member of the Botha household is the General's beautiful and brilliant eldest daughter, Helen. She made a sensation two seasons ago in London, as a result of traits which suggested to "M.A.P." certain comparisons between the eldest daughter of Theodore Roosevelt and the eldest daughter of Louis Botha. The daughter of the Boer hero, says our British contemporary, has large dark eyes "that fairly glow with intelligence, humor and the joy of living, a complexion the most flawless, and pretty hair admirably arranged." Her taste in dress rather took London society aback. It was deemed too suggestive of Paris, too smart for any woman not in the aristocracy. The young lady's dresses indicated further that her father's wealth must be fully as immense as some reports indicate. "People who do not know who Miss Botha is set

her down instantly as an American," to quote further "and she has something of that bright fearlessness, that frank contentment with her surroundings and herself that make the eldest daughter of Mr. Roosevelt so fascinating." Helen Botha received a costly education and paints pictures.

The General's eldest daughter is much attached to her many little brothers and sisters to whom she has acted as governess and companion in the lonely years before and after the great war. The boys of the family were taught to ride by their big sister and the girls learned needlework and music from her. She is a splendid horsewoman and an unusually fine shot. Few Transvaal spectacles present a more human interest than that of the Bothas departing for a day's sport. A fine and stalwart figure of the General, who is as vigorous to-day as when he commanded at Colenso, is rendered formidable by the pistols in his belt and the gun across the saddle. He loves a restless horse, as does his daughter. The wife rides on these expeditions and so does the daughter, while the other children, including the two strapping boys in their teens, are armed for lion, gun and the rest of South Africa's fierce zoology. There is a wild gallop of Bothas towards the horizon and that is the last seen of them until the day is done and the trophies of the chase are piled high on the lawn.

Louis Botha has, in the main, literary and scholarly tastes, notwithstanding his love of fray in its political and sporting forms. He is fluent in both English and the jargon of the Boers. He is not a conversationalist in the brilliant sense of the term. His conversation does not sparkle with witticisms nor does he bewilder an interlocutor with subtleties. His delight is to talk with men of ideas, for unlike some reticent

states he is eager to derive impressions from the talk of others. It may be, owing to his own limitations as a talker that he attaches so much importance to the gift of fluency. He is credited with the observation that to the talkers of the world has fallen an undue amount of influence owing to the great effect of plausibility. His own conversation is largely carried on in the idiom of the Boers. He seems to avoid the use of English in the domestic circle. He talks most happily in the language of the land he has served so well and so long. The vernacular he knows has been described by one authority as "the real backveld Taal, full of quaint similes and of backveld idioms." No grammar of the Dutch tongue has any room for this mysterious gibberish, of which Botha is just master.

To the great house in which Botha spends his leisure come the latest books from London. He is very much interested in physical science and in the literature of psychic research, but he has no fads, no tendency to absorb himself in any movement unconnected with the politics of South Africa. His reading includes more current fiction than even Clemenceau could digest and Clemenceau is known to be an inveterate reader of novels. Botha's favorite novelist is said to be Dickens and his predilection in poetry, according to a writer in *Truth*, is Wordsworth. His library is a huge apartment, with immense windows overlooking the landscape for miles. He is prone to hurry himself here for hours, no one venturing to disturb him when he is absorbed in some work fresh from London. The General's memory for what he has read seems marvellous if it be true, as reported, that he has never seen found a fault in a quotation from a favorite author.

From the standpoint of ability in

any one direction, Botha, as his warmest friends concede, is not what would be called "first rate." He is not an orator. Administrative ability is denied him. He lacks the creative faculty in any definite direction. Of his military capacity it is impossible to obtain an impartial estimate, but even his keenest vindicator from impediments of his strategy and tactics in the Boer War does not go so far as to claim for him a place beside the great soldiers. Tried by the definite test of a fixed standard of merit, Botha seems mediocre. The source of his power and influence, as the London *Pict* explains the riddle, is personality. "General Botha knows his Boer from the top of his shawl hat to the sole of his hob-nailed boots." He can lead his people as if they were children. The secret is the Botha personality. He is an instinctive, irresistible and inspired conciliator. He has never betrayed his people and he has never misled the British. Both sides trust him implicitly. Yet integrity alone, imputed by the gifts for conciliation possessed by the hero of the Boer War, would never have won for him his present eminence. The foundation of his career is and has always been this conciliatory personality.

The aspects of this personality reveal themselves partly in the General's patience and poise and partly in his quick and subtle comprehension of the peculiarities of those who work with him. He does not really "run" his government in Pretoria. It is run for him by colleagues who have a fatal tendency to become involved in feuds with one another. There have been times, according to a well informed writer in the *London Mail*, when every member of the ministry hated every other member, but Botha found a basis none the less perfect for harmony.

The Credit System in the West

By

W. LACEY AMY.

TO the query as to what had been the foundation for the great progress in the Canadian West, a student of the country would unhesitatingly answer: "the credit system." And yet when questioned as to what was now doing as much as anything else to retard the growth of the country, the same man would answer in the same way. The business system that has been and is the all-prevailing feature of exchange in that country is credit.

It was not the trust of one man in another that made credit a success. It was the knowledge that the creditor was debtor to some other person and that barter was only possible under such a condition. It is not trust and confidence that makes credit still reckless, but the force of habit and the apparent inability to break it. Credit between man and man is almost as great as ever, although now everyone sees its disadvantages.

Until a couple of years ago all business was done on paper or on trust. Transactions involving thousands of dollars were carried on without the exchange of a cent or of only a few dollars. The country was new, settlers had little available cash, men had to live and supplies had to be procured. From crop to crop or for the first couple of years of a settler's life there the merchants carried the people, the seller put the buyer in possession on paper payment. Credit was an absolute necessity. Bills would run for three or four years and yet be just as good at the end of that

time as when incurred. Year after year the same farmer would buy his provisions without even explaining that he couldn't pay the last bill. Then when he got the money from a good crop he would normally pay up and proceed to keep his credit good by running another bill. Without this accommodation the country could never have been settled.

But conditions have changed. Credit is not much more a necessity to the west than it is to the east. Still in the ordinary business it continues almost as strong as ever, the banks being the only ones to curtail reckless lending. Up to the winter of 1906 the banks were as free and easy credit-givers as were private individuals. Money was offered to every man with a fairly straight eye and any proposition short of a tram-car line to the moon. Men secured money when they didn't need it, bought real estate in order to find a place for it, made their profits and returned the money—with a request for another loan. In 1906 the profits were irregular and after a few losses the banks began to use judgement. However, credit had got such a firm hold of the people that in many towns they seemed to know of no other way of doing business. Thus it continues to the present time, only a few of the smaller towns and villages having seen the inauguration of a cash system.

The extent of credit varies according to the district. In agricultural districts fed by small towns the merchants carry the farmers from crop

to crop with non-payment in bad crop years. In ranching districts it is much worse. Ranchers may not visit their supply towns more than once a year and often not that often. I know of several ranchers who "come in" only once in two years. As one old two-year-warranty rancher said to me, "its terrible the money you spend when you get to town." In such a town ranchers will run bills for years. One rancher will eat out the supplies for a half dozen and the merchant may never see his debtor for several years. The result is that the amount in a merchant's books will run to incredible amounts. In one city in Alberta, the proprietor of what would be called a small hardware store in the east had \$40,000 on his books, and another store of the same kind in the same city was carrying \$30,000. The slump of 1907 and 1908 forced them to a closer inspection of "charges" and the amounts were materially decreased.

Accounts are sent out only quarterly by many merchants and often at greater intervals, although this is rapidly changing. What I discovered in the fall of 1906 upon landing in the west was the quarterly account system prevailing in my line of business (sawmills). I started right in on monthly accounts and was met for the first few months by angry merchants wanting to know if I didn't think them good for the money or was I so hard up that I had to collect every month. Fortunately I persisted and had the satisfaction of convincing them of the wisdom of monthly collections, many of them being displeased when their bills were not collected monthly.

Therein comes another feature of the credit business—that you can kill nine out of ten business men till you eat up the bill without getting any recognition. You have to make a personal call to collect. And the majority of those who owe you will have to figure from their bank book to see if there are enough funds to meet their checks. It is not an uncommon thing to have checks returned marked "no funds." The maker merely saying in

answer that he didn't think the bank would cash it, but he thought he'd risk it."

Several attempts have been made to start a cash system in western towns but only a few have succeeded. Sometimes the jealousy of the merchants interfered, sometimes they will not trust each other, and sometimes the public itself rises in protest. A railway town is sure to be a strong credit town. Railwaymen are paid by check on the 15th of each month. Bills are always sent out in consideration of this date and more payments are made at the stores in the four days following pay day than during all the rest of the month. A railway man never pays cash. Invariably he pays for last month's purchases out of this month's check. As a rule he sets aside so much to deposit in the bank, and the remainder is spread around in payment, the deposit never being touched however small a part of his indebtedness the remainder may cover. Thus a merchant may be omitted on pay day while the bank account grows, or while investments in real estate continue. It was a knowledge of the manner in which they were being held off while the banks or investments were receiving the money that landed many merchants together last year to demand quicker payments.

One of the schemes adopted to encourage cash buying was the offering of a ten per cent. discount for cash. And yet this had surprisingly little effect, the majority of the people preferring credit even for a month to a discount for cash.

When the discount was first spoken of in one city some of the merchants thought it was impossible to give that much. In spite of the high prices asked they claimed they would be losing money on such a discount. A man interested in bringing in the cash system visited a certain store in a city and was met by that argument given in all honesty. The man did not show the merchant, as he could have done, where he was making a profit as high

as 200 per cent and even more on some of his stock.

He argued, "What is the average length of time your accounts run—average in amount?" (for the large accounts run much longer than the smaller ones, as a rule).

"Oh, about a year," answered the merchant.

"And what is money worth here?"

"Eight per cent."

"At what do you figure your percentage of loss?"

"About three per cent or maybe more."

"Now," said the advocate of cash, "you argue that you would lose money on allowing a ten per cent discount, whereas on your own figures credit is costing you eight per cent, for interest, and three per cent for loss, with all the extra cost of billing, a higher-paid bookkeeper, inability to take advantage of cash discount at all times, to say nothing of the worry. In all, fifteen per cent. would scarcely cover your credit system." And the merchant had been so brought up to credit that he had never thought of it in that way.

Scarcely any man in the west knows what he is really worth nor within a wide margin. He may estimate himself as worth a hundred thousand, and he might have to borrow to buy a new hat—but the chances are he would run a bill for it. To do business in the west a man must have a large bank account or buy on credit. People expect him to give credit, and many a good business received mention in Dan's bankrupt list during the past two years, only because the ready cash was not available. A man worth fifty thousand dollars can be forced into bankruptcy for as many cents.

In real estate deals the credit system or something similar is in force, although to a limited extent since the slump. Up to 1907 men were most reckless with their real estate speculations. A man bought with a five-dollar bill and sold for another bill,

the transaction being repeated a dozen times on a five-dollar bill. And yet each seller would probably be making a few thousand dollars. A speculator would buy an option for a week or a month. In the meantime he would sell, and sometimes two or three sales took place on options before the first option had expired. Or perhaps a man's last cent might be expended entirely upon a re-sale before the second payment was due. In fact four-fifths of the real estate purchases were made with no prospect of a second payment being available unless another sale was made. Thus, it often happened that a man might make his first payment on property, the title to which was in the hands of a man who figured in a half dozen sales before. The last buyer might make all his payments in due course, and yet never secure the title to the land because some one of the previous half dozen buyers had failed in his payments. The credit system as carried out in this, led to some rognery, of which little was heard outside the west.

Small payments, and even notes only, would buy most valuable property. A company of eight young men purchased a quarter-section close to a town, by giving their notes only to the owner. It cost them \$50 apiece to have the company formed and the land divided into lots. Not another cent did those men put up. The property was immediately put on the market and double the price of the land was realized in a month. And, strange to say, the title was handed over when the notes were given. Scores of instances of a similar nature took place on a basis that would never be entertained in the east. At the present time hundreds of acres of British Columbia fruit lands are being sold from options only, the middleman being willing to stake all his money on his ability to dispose of the land, and the owner freely allowing the middleman to try it.

The hard times of 1907 is working a great change in the business of the

next, and one that is already proving a fine thing for the country. Directly it has entailed credit on account of the inability of the merchants to collect the bills they had allowed to run so long a time. The banks closed on promissory money lending, and the merchants must pay his bills from his receipts. It was not the experience of others who attempted to do a credit business, it was not the argument against credit, but the chilling knowledge that thousands of dollars were intercepted, that forced him to use the cash register instead of the day-book. Honesty in the speculator did not pay his store accounts. When his real estate deals did not pan out, he left town and all his debts; he

would have paid if he could, and that was all the merchant got for his leniency.

But still the credit system abounds to an extent that should be understood by the Easterner who contemplates entering business in the west. More is required than sufficient capital to purchase a business. It is some time before the cash receipts will pay the expenses. He must remember that while he may have five thousand dollars of good debts on his books, there may not be five dollars in the till to pay the wages.

But then it is probable when that time arrives that he has fallen into the system in his own transaction. He will simply pay by running a bill.

Don't Wait Too Long

IT IS a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us, as if life were not sacred, too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole tollsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.—
George Eliot.

The Lilac Hat

By FLORENCE C. MALLON.

From Harper's Bazar.

"T WAS really a ravishing hat—all purple and white lilacs, set off by great whirls of foamy lace and slender, fairylike agrettes. Mrs. Upson's heart went out to it the moment she caught sight of it, but she thought of the coal bill and hurriedly turned toward a dingy little brown turban.

"Here's something just your style, Mrs. Upson," cried the hawk-eyed milliner, snatching the dainty thing from its support. "One of my pattern hats—just came this morning from New York. It's chic, but genteel, it's exclusive, too," turning it enticingly from side to side. "Now, I don't suppose there are three ladies in this town that can wear that shade of purple, but you've got the hair and the complexion to do it. Here, try it on a minute."

"But I'm looking for a little morning hat," protested Mrs. Upson.

"When I was in the city last week," continued the milliner, "I saw a lady, enough like you to be a twin, driving along Fifth Avenue with just such a creation on. Luella, you remember my speaking of it."

Some way or other, Mrs. Upson presently found herself with the hat on, and then, of course, she had to take just one peep at herself in the mirror. Well, there would be no harm in looking, and certainly that purple did bring out the gold in her hair.

"It's a dream," exclaimed the milliner, with clasped hands. "Luella, don't you love the way those lilacs

come down on her hair? I tell you, it isn't everybody that can carry off a hat like that." In confidence, Mrs. Upson, I must say that it's too up-to-date for most of our ladies here, but it was just simply made for you. Take the hand-glass so you can see the back."

Yes, it was perfect—front, back, and sides. Mrs. Upson lifted it off and surreptitiously glanced at the tag. "Thirty-four fifty." Well, that was always the way with anything she liked.

"It's a very pretty hat," she said, slowly, "but it isn't exactly what I had in mind."

"Let me send it up, so Mr. Upson can see it," urged the milliner.

"No," repeated Mrs. Upson, with an attempt at firmness. "I was only looking about a little this morning. I shan't get a hat until later in the season."

She was obliged to dart out with her hatpins in her hands to escape from the milliner's further importunities. "Thirty-four fifty! Why, of course, she couldn't afford it! Wouldn't she just like Clara Weaver to see her with that hat on, though! But there—she couldn't have it, and that was the end of it. She wouldn't even mention it to Frank; it would hurt him to know she wanted it and couldn't get it."

The lilac hat refused to be so easily dismissed, though. All through the morning it kept bobbing into her mind, and every time she thought of it she grew more covetous of it. In spite of her resolve she launched forth

into a rhymed couplet about it at the dinner-table. "The sweetest, summeriest, stylishest hat, [Frank] You would have loved me in it!"

"No, no," protested Mr. Upson. "You would so," she insisted. "And only think! Miss Weuple says there aren't three women in this town that could wear it."

"I don't see that that makes it any prettier," he objected.

"Well, it does, to other women," his wife declared. "But—in a funeral home—the price is thirty-four fifty."

"Where-a?" whistled Mr. Upson.

However, her mind kept juggling with the figures. Thirty-four fifty—thirty-four fifty. If you said it over enough times it didn't seem so very much. It wasn't much for taxes and tiresome things like that. After supper she got out her account-book to see if she couldn't economize somewhere. No, she had done that too many times before. She might spend fourteen dollars for a hat, though. That left twenty dollars. Wasn't there some way she could earn twenty dollars?

"It's pay-day for Clementine," remarked Mr. Upson, handing her a twenty-dollar bill. "You might step out into the kitchen and give her this, if you can catch her there."

"Splendid!" cried Mrs. Upson, clapping her hands. "You certainly are the cleverest man!"

As usual, her husband waited for her to fill in the gaps. "Why, don't you see?" she asked, impatiently. "Clementine told me just before you came home that it would really pay her to take a month off and attend to her summer clothes—did you ever hear such impudence? Well, I'll tell her she can take it, and I'll do the work for the month and I'll draw the twenty dollars, you see. You can advance me the money this instant, and I'll go down to-morrow, right after breakfast and get the hat. She's gotten so top-lofty that it'll be a relief to get rid of her for a while, anyway. I must say that Clementine is the vainest—"

"Hush!" warned Mr. Upson. "She's just going out the side door."

"After being out all the afternoon," commented Mrs. Upson. "I'll run and tell her she can devote herself exclusively to her precious wardrobe for the next four weeks. She pretty surely goes it, anyway."

Mr. Upson had barely time to read one head-line when his wife bounced back into the room. Frank Upson, just think of that!" she hissed.

"Can't," objected her husband. "If you please, that—that baggage has on the blue hat!"



LAND-SEEKERS FROM ILLINOIS

A TRAIN-LOAD IN WELL-SETTLED AMERICA IN WINNIPEG, 1910-1911

Is the West Becoming Americanized?

By

KATE SIMPSON-HAYES

THIS question was asked the other day by a leading Canadian daily paper, and it occurred to me that the question, being what you might call a national one, it was well worth seeking an answer. I therefore set me to work to discover, if possible, in what relation to Canada does the American who comes in as a "settler" stand?

Wherever you go, from "little Manitoba" westward to the farthest-most limits of Alberta; wherever you travel, face set to the northern fringes of civilization, or turning southward to what we call the Boundary line in great Saskatchewan; wherever you go throughout the western plains, you will find, standing guard over a freshly turned furrow, the American who has recently become a Canadian "settler." There are certain sections of the prairie west, like Magrath, Cardston

and Raymond, or Claresholm, which are almost wholly "American." These men and women call themselves "Americans," and yet they are taking part in the building of the great Canadian west. They are engaged in working the land—active in carrying out local improvements—engaged in formulating the social and economic laws of the land; occupying positions of public trust, and yet, come right down to facts and ask these people "What is your nationality?" and you will get the prompt answer: "We are Americans."

Canada makes no objection to this; wherever you find an American settlement, there, on one day in the year at least, you will find "Old Glory" flying from the mast-pole, and be it said, though you find the "American spirit" there, you find nothing offensive in it. In all the

A Guarantee

IT MADE it a point that all goods should be exactly what they were represented to be. It was a rule of the house that an exact scrutiny of the quality of all the goods purchased should be maintained, and that nothing was to induce the house to place upon the market any line of goods at a shade of variation from their real value. Every article sold must be regarded as warranted, and every purchaser must be enabled to feel secure.—*Marshall Field*



A LANDLORD FOR HIRE—CANADIAN

ARMED AND DRESSED IN THE BURNING. (The House of Commons, Regina, Sask., Sept. 1901.)

large towns the Fourth of July is openly observed; the tune-honored fire-cracker is heard at dawn; the bands play "Marching Through Georgia," and you will see little "Canucks" and little "Yankees" hand in hand following the stirring strains, dancing in unison to the merry tune. Notwithstanding this Canadian children are Canadian, or British, to the hearts' core, and American children are still American.

My Findings of Fact tell me that the American settler came into Canada at the psychological moment. He came, bringing just what slow-footed Canada wanted most, and that was the get-up-and-get spirit for which the western American is long noted and admitted. In short he put heaven into the prairie land—the pregnant prairie-land. He was the first to see and prove his faith in the possibilities of the west. He put his

cash into these possibilities, seeding big, round "cart-wheels," lubricating the same with elbow-grease; and it was only when the word went forth that all the fertile acres of the last great west were being "gobbled up by Yankees," that Canadians themselves condescended to consider land values. This at a glance was apparent to the quick-witted Yankee living below the "Line" whereon are hung "Old Glory" and the "Union Jack."

A year ago traveling through Alberta I met a keen looking American from Nebraska, and I asked him how he liked living under the British flag? His answer was—"Well, we weren't too sure how this King-dont would play out when we first come up here, but we were kept so busy taking off thirty-four bushels to the acre, getting seventy-three cents for every bushel of it, at the store, that we come to think King



JULY FOURTH IN YAKING PARK, WINNIPEG

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN THE ST. PATRICK'S PARADE IN THE BURNING OF THE FIELD. PARTY IN THE BURNING OF THE

Edward wasn't a bad sort of landlord after all." I asked another settler living at Claresholme in Alberta, how the Canadian laws suited him: "Pretty d— well," he said without elegance or hesitation. He left his plow (a ten-furrow affair, worked by steam) and, leaning up against a fence told me this:—"I was down near the boundary line last year with a bunch of horses, when a mounted policeman came along, all alone in chase of a half-breed horse-thief. He sort of expected to find him in a breed camp a bit off, and I went with him to see just how them red-coats would make a pinch. The fellow got off his horse, walked into camp where there were about twelve or thirteen ugly looking chaps sitting round, and says red-coat, 'Here, you come along with me,' settling his hand, quite polite like on a chap's shoulder. There was a

fellow grabbed his Winchester; another a Colt's; another let a yell out of him, but the red-coat just said: 'Look here, you fellows, sit down quick, for I'm going to take this man with me!' He did."

In a Lethbridge hotel I once heard a conversation at a table d'hôte between an American and a (local) Canadian. The Canadian said,—"I shouldn't be surprised if this country grew to be something pretty big yet, I'm watching to see what's going to happen." Something had already "happened". The American he was talking to had that day completed a deal whereby some thousands of acres of splendid farm-lands had passed into his hands at fifty cents an acre. To-day the same sections are hived by busy Yankee farmers, and the market value of these lands is quoted at forty-five dollars per acre.



FIFTY SEVEN JULY SPORTS IN WINNIPEG.

FIVE YEARS CELEBRATION AT PACIFIC PLAINS, ATTENDED BY LARGE AND ENTERTAINING CROWDS.

The great number of western Americans who come into the Canadian west pass through the gateway at the boundary line, at North Portal. This "portal" stands gladly and welcomingly open to the American settler; and if this were a statistical review, I might almost alarm Uncle Sam, by giving in round figures the number of his sons who have trekked into the new land and golden. Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Oregon, Washington and California are still sending sons into the far Canadian west. In 1901, 40,149 settlers arrived in the prairie west, and of this number 47,987 were Americans. During 1906-1907, 252,038 immigrants trooped into Canada west, and 120,779 of these were "Yankees." Consider these figures and you arrive at the answer to the pertinent question, "Is Canada becoming Americanized?"

During the year ending March 31st, 1908, the total number of American settlers arriving on the western Canadian plains reached 100,000 souls; they came from the western states, passed through the

boundary line gateways, and brought with them 1,770 car-loads of settler's effects. This demonstrates one fact at least, that they came with the view of remaining; if they remain in Canada, will their children's children not call themselves "Canadians?" This statement merely registers the fact that so many American farmers arrived in the British possession, Canada—what about the constant dribble of American mounted men who come in varying numbers at various seasons, bringing varying amounts in capital which is put into Canadian investments?

I have before me a statement made by T. F. Griffin, of Winnipeg, who is the Commissioner of Canadian Pacific Railway lands in western Canada, which says: "During the five years beginning with 1901 we sold in the neighborhood of two millions of acres of farm lands in western Canada to companies with headquarters in the United States; but this would only represent a small portion of the actual settlement flow-

ing from the United States." This proves another thing, namely that many Americans who never intend becoming Canadian "settlers" are aware of the great commercial asset which western Canada farm lands have become, and if you travel anywhere from Manitoba westward, northward, southward, wherever you go, you will find American capital and American business sharing in the general growth and the general advancement of the country we call "Canada."

What has caused American interest in the prairie farm-lands of the last great west is the land policy of the Canadian government and the land policy of that wonderful corporation called the "C. P. R." This company has been a potent factor in the agricultural development of the prairie provinces. Their object, pursued at times to their own loss,

has ever been to sell the farm-lands to the bona fide farmer at the lowest possible price; and their great irrigation scheme in the province of Alberta, which reclaimed 3,000,000 acres of fine arable ground, with a thousand miles of ditching (built after the plan adopted by Colorado) has been one of the big booms to the west. These irrigated lands are divided into small sections of forty and eighty acres; are sold from \$15 an acre upwards; and the company accepts payment for these lands (lying between Medicine Hat and Calgary on the main line of the great transcontinental railway) on what is termed "crop payments." That is, the purchaser may secure the land by pledging to the company half the crop (good or bad) and, as the crops taken off these irrigated acres often reach as high as sixty-five bushels an acre, many homesteaders have



T. F. GRIFFIN, GENERAL AGENT, AND WILLIAM JENKINS, DEAN.

TWO MOUNTED AMERICAN FRONTIERS IN FRONT OF THE CROFTLY BUILDING IN WINNIPEG.

been known to have paid up their entire indebtedness the first year of the undertaking.

Occasionally we hear the statement made: "All the free home steads in the west are taken up." According to the parliamentary report laid before the House of Commons in April, this year, there are yet 105,731 available homesteads in the prairie west. Of this number over eight thousand lie in the tiny Province of Manitoba.

If the American is not becoming Canadianized, then Canada is be-

coming Americanized. Does it matter which? Canada is the richer for the American "settler." With him has come the commercial spirit belonging to the sons of Uncle Sam whom Canada has come to look upon as not only a good neighbor, but as a good friend. The American heart is the heart of the Viking—once they conquered by the sword, but now they are conquering by the plowshare; and in a "fight" waged in so splendid a cause as the cause of the hearth, who shall say he does not win by every human right?



VIEW IN NORTH-LAKE VICTORIA, B.C.
FROM PRINCIPAL BUILDING, TOWN AND AMERICAN SETTLES

Sallery and Pickles

By RICHARD WHITEING
From The Manchester Guardian

THE man in his short-sleeves wheeling the handcart entered the rural cyclists' rest as a kind of triumph, though such a man and such a vehicle are fairly common objects of the roadside. The latter was but a general dealer's truck, the other was a young fellow who seemed addicted to odd jobbing, yet whose smartness of bearing spoke of thwarted hopes of the military career. He was evidently outward bound from London, but that was nothing out of the way.

The unwonted challenge to curiosity was the something alive that stirred under the shawl and jacket that covered his load. For when his back was turned and the children were free to peep under the inverted washing-basket that served as a sunshade for his burden they saw a face! It was the face of a young woman, quite comely to look upon as it lay there, with the well-brushed hair and the neatness of simple finery about the throat that showed some other woman's care. Only it was pallid to the last degree and slightly drawn with weariness, if not with pain, while its transparency of blue veins formed quite a pattern on the closed lids.

The young man reappeared in a moment, wiping his lips with the back of his hand, less, perhaps, for table manners than to hide the distortions of a dry face. Then, after a "Come out of it!" to the children, which caused all but the boldest to fall back at least half a yard, he bent over the recumbent figure.

"Try something," he urged, "just to wet your whistle—lemonade."

The girl—she was hardly more—opened her eyes, smiled gratefully at him, shook her head.

"I'm doing ginger beer this journey," he said, "I can't sagely recommend it, but I'm no judge."

She tried to laugh, and actually achieved a smile that was all the sweeter because it was so faint.

"I don't want nothin'! thank yer all the same."

"Soon 'ome," he said, "I've asked the way, and we're goin' by the short cut."

"Oo good you are—and me a inter-stranger!"

"Well, I was goin' to put it the other way. I ain't seen the country for years as I've seen it to-day. It's a lesson for a chap like me to see the stuff growin' in the fields. What a lot of room it takes to make a load for a market cart—seems like a waste of ground."

"I wish I wasn't so 'eavy."

"I wish you was 'eavier, but they'll soon set that right for yer—at 'ome."

She shook her head again, evidently for thoughts, and with that a tear fell that was already trembling on the very verge of the lid. "I know what I'm goin' 'ome for."

"And I ain't a-goin' to ask yer; bekos I know what you're goin' to say, and I don't want yer to say it agin. Makes me low-spirited. It really do."

The laugh that she had straggled

for calm, this time. "I'm very much grateful, an' I know it, an' I won't do it again."

"You're very weak, that's what's the matter with you, an' nothin' else. But the fresh air, an' the sunshine, an' the ole mother'll soon set that right. Take my tip—nex' week you'll be clancin' on the green."

"Yes, that's me," she said in a tone that bespoke rather acquiescence than conviction. "Soon get well after I see the green folks."

"Why shouldn't you see 'em now? I've seen 'em for the last two mizz, nothin' else, and the flowers atop o' that, an' the birds skyturkin' in the trees. Why shouldn't you sit up for a bit? What a fool I've bin! Pretty sort o' miss for a hunkid. Erret ole 'ari."

He raised her gently, laid the basket at her back, and settled her up generally as well as he could.

"There, 'em s' that? Why, you're in a huncidun now! What price them things in the 'edges yonder? Wish I knowed their names."

"We used to call 'em 'spike grass' and 'cat's tail' when I was a kid."

It was a very simple story as far as it had gone. "Pickles"—such was her professional name, derived in the primitive way from her calling—was a country-bred girl who had come to work in a London jam factory, and had lived on her capital of strength till she was struck down by fever. Then came, in due courses, the hospital, the turning point of the malady, the beginning of convalescence, interrupted by the necessity of turning out of the crowded ward to make room for more pressing cases. The institution was not to blame; nothing in the rate of growth in relief could overtake the rate of growth in suffering. The reaction—more moral than physical—set in when the girl, lying alone in her dismal bedroom in the tenement house, felt sure she was going to die. Yes, she was going to die; there could be no doubt about that, and all she wanted was to die in the village nestling among the Hertfordshire hills as

when she was born—to die under her mother's roof. She was not uncared for in the slum. Neighbors were kind to "Pickles"—most of them knew her by no other name—but the satisfaction of her wish to go home was beyond them, as it involved a journey by road and an ambulance bed. Even that might have been managed if they had known how to see about it, but they did not.

Then "Sallery," the whirler of the barrow—whose pseudonym was but a corruption of the name of a vegetable of which he was inordinately fond—got up a boxing match for her benefit among a few friends, and realized in it some seventeen shillings and sixpence, and two black eyes. He was not a boxer by profession, but he had cheerfully stood punishment in the cause of charity in a set-to with a local celebrity which was the chief feature of the entertainment. His trade nasimply that of a handy man. He bent empty, cleaned windows, looked after an office or two, and was in steady work. The benefit fund was inadequate, for the houses had no marketable value. Sallery was heard confessing as much at the door of her room to the woman who opened it to his knock. He had never seen the patient in his life; she was a pore gal "on her uppers," that was enough for him, for he had been that way himself. But he had not come to confess failure. "Weel'er down myself Saturday afternoon, and charree it," was his next happy thought. "I know where I can get a nice little conveyance for 'ari a doller an' 'ome."

"It's nigh on fifteen mile," wailed a voice from the bed. "Can't be done with our pair of arms. Let me die 'ere."

"Round at ten o'clock Saturday," said Sallery, cutting short the discussion of ways and means. "Ere's the gate money for the benefit. Bring'er up to time, and you'll find me at the door." And so it was settled, in spite of another wail from the bed.

The court gathered to see her off. One lent a mattress to make her com-

fortable, another a pillow, a third a shawl, and Sallery his jacket, for her feet. And now, here they were, on the road again at the beginning of their second lap, with five miles of their journey to the goal, and with Sallery, stepping out in fine style and watching his charge as he lay in a half-doz. It was all delight now in the landscape—scampering rabbits from the burrows, the hum of bees, meadow-sweet, mallon, and poppy going strong, a salant and mulberry leaf in the plantations, sweetbrier in the cottage porches, with the dog-rose. The girl opened her eyes at last, and then kept them open, though, considering the beauty of the setting, the charioteer had perhaps more than his due share of her regard. It was but natural, after all. The message of the whole scene was beauty of one kind or another; and in that line how could you beat the goodness of Sallery? In other respects, however, he could hardly enter into communion with the glories of nature. But he was straight—his service in the militia had done that for him—and strong. Could she ever forget, the girl thought, how he had lifted her "like a babby" and put her to rights with a hand as tender as the hand of a nurse? The sense of happiness that was gradually stealing over her would have been imperfect without the evidence of his strength. She was in powerful custody; it was all right.

"What a load you got!" she said at last. It was her first essay in what might be called conversation, and, though it was not much to the purpose, it was music to Sallery's ears.

"Ah, you're right there, on'y they wouldn't 'xactly reckon it a load in the street trade. It's what you might call a 'arf load—plenty to look at and nothin' to wheel. Like 'ill a-blowin' and a-growin'!" when they takes the flowers round. Why, you ain't in it beside bonanners, for all they look like nothin' oze by oze."

"Lor, there's the half-way 'ome," she said at the next halt. "It's a sight for sore eyes. I ain't seen the place

for four year. 'On it's changed. Why, there's another name over the bootmaker's shop. An' another post office. My!" Sallery, deliberately avoiding the half-way house as too much of a trial for virtuous endeavor, now entered a cake shop and returned in a few minutes with a cup of tea and a small scaffolding of sponge cakes. "No 'orry," he said; "we got lots of time in 'and." They were welcome to her, and she ate and drank with relish, while he sat on the edge of the barrow and watched every mouthful as tenderly as a nursing bird.

"What are you going to 'ave yourself?" she asked.

"Plenty o' time for that. You ain't goin' to leave that last one. It's considered bad luck in sponge cakes."

"Not till you 'ave something for yourself." Thus urged, he produced a substantial packet of bread and cheese from one pocket of his coat, and a small bottle of beer from another, and settled down to his meal. In that form, it had occurred to him, while packing for the journey, beer might be positively genteel.

"Another cup o' tea?"

"Nothin' more. So 'appy, so 'appy now!"

She fumbled for her purse, and offered him sistance as he took back cup and plate.

"Who're yer gettin' at?" said Sallery. When next she stirred she was as her mother's anus at the gate of home. She was expected; the neighbors gathered round; and soon she was well enough to tell the tale of her journey. With this, of course, there was a cry for Sallery, with more than one offer of lodging for the night. But he was nowhere to be found, and there was no trace of him save for the report that as soon as he had left her in safe keeping he had set off on his return journey to the cry. "I'll step it now." It was a great disappointment for all, and almost a relapse for the girl. The worst of it was there was no writing to thank him. "Mr. Sallery, London,"

would hardly have been enough; and it was impossible to carry it further than that, for he was as unknown to her before the journey as she had been to him.

A week passed, and there was no trace of Sallory until the following Saturday, when an archer came as the bearer of a message to the cottage door. He had been told to say that "a party" would be glad to know how "that party" was getting on, and that he (the party of the first part) would be waiting to hear at the corner of the lane. The girl flew out to find her preserver in a state of smartness that betokened Sunday best. He was not even dusty, for this time he had come down by train and walked over from the neighboring station. No need to ask now after her bodily health. The air and the quiet had done wonders, and she was able to drag him almost by main force towards the garden gate. Sallory made a feeble resistance, and was understood to murmur something about not wishing to intrude.

"None of your larks this time," was all the vociferous reply. It was a levee after that. The neighbors crowded in to overwhelm him with thanks, and the loveliest Sallory found himself, in his utter conversation, the hero of the hour, while "Pickles" stood by to prevent his escape and her mother made preparations for tea. Sallory's longest speech in recognition of these attentions was, "Pore people got to be pals to one another—what do you think?"

When quiet was restored, and the time came for Sallory to take his leave, he timidly ventured the request that the girl would see him to the station. "It'll be company like," he said—"if you feel you're up to it." Her eyes flashed. "Do I look as if I couldn't walk a mile?" and she faced him in all the strength of her restored health and her restored happiness. It was impossible to deny it, yet somehow it seemed a sore disappointment. "You won't want me 'agin' about no more," he said sheepishly. She took the matter in her own hands now, as she saw she would have to do.

"No, not 'agin' about; you ain't quite the sort, I don't think, for a 'agin'-on."

It puzzled him. It might mean one thing and it might mean another. Yet somehow she was delighted to see that he took it the wrong way, and that he seemed troubled to have to take it so.

"Go on jumpin'; it shows you are gettin' well, though I ain't goin' to say that it don't hurt."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, last week you couldn't have scared a feller back for ants. 'Spose it's the country lark."

"Just where you're wrong."

"What is it, then?"

"It's you," she said, laying her hand on his arm and looking up into his honest eyes.

The parson's clerk, I dare say, learned both their real names in due course, I never did.

DO the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The Dangers of Undereating

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

From *The Cosmopolitan*

FEW of the Little Tin Gods of our every-day life are more securely enshrined in the popular Pantheon than the widespread belief in both the virtuousness and the wholesomeness of undereating. We frequently hear it expressed, "If one would always leave the table feeling as if he could have eaten a little more, he would never be sick, and would live to a good old age." The rule sounds well, and it may be true, but there is no evidence to prove it, for it has never been tried in real life. It, like many other moral maxims with a promise attached, is in much the same case as the famous assurance so confidently given us in our nursery days—when we believed things—that after we had had a tooth pulled, if we would only keep our tongue out of the gap, a silver tooth would grow there. Nobody ever saw a silver tooth so growing, but that is no proof that one wouldn't if—!

Of course, like all popular beliefs, this one has a considerable element of truth in it. My protest is only against its acceptance as a universal law and its indiscriminate application. It has a curiously double origin. Naturally it was recognized at a very early period that a certain amount of real eating, with a reasonably frequent repetition of the ceremony, was necessary to life. Anyone who cherished any radical heresy or delusion of magnitude upon this subject soon died, and his heresy perished with him. Therefore the habit of eating survived and became popular. But it was early

seen to have two serious drawbacks: it was expensive, and if one ate too much one became uncomfortable, began to eat as little as possible, consistent with survival, was a virtue.

Thus sounds both reasonable and convincing, but it overlooks two things: that appetite, "the feeling that you have enough," means something, and that nature is not an economist but a glorious spendthrift. She scatters myriads of seeds to grow hundreds of plants. Her insects of the air and her fish of the sea pour forth their spawn in thousands, nine-tenths of which go to feed other fliers and swimmers. Enough with her is never as good as a feast; in fact what to our cheese-paring, shopkeeper souls looks like enough is to her far too little. If there be any operation of nature which is conducted with less than at least fifty per cent. of waste, it has so far escaped the eye of the scientist. Her regular plan of campaign is to produce many times as much as she needs of everything and let only the fittest few survive. Is it not possible that the same principle may apply in human diet, that we should eat plenty of the best of everything to be had, and let the body pick out what it wants and "scrub" the rest?

Life, fortunately or unfortunately, is not a thing that can be conducted according to hard-and-fast rules. It is less a business than a great game of chance. That is what makes it so interesting. We get tired of business, of work, of philosophy, of science, but seldom of life, until it is our proper

time to quit. It is a game of chance—a gamble it you like, in the sense that there are large unknown factors involved; that, as George Eliot hints put it, "any intelligent calculation of the expected must include a large allowance of the unexpected"; that you never know what emergencies you may meet. This is not a pessimistic view, for few things are more firmly established than that which we term honesty—which is simply following the age-old rules of the game—and disdained intelligence will win eight times out of ten. But the point is that all life's operations must be conducted upon a very wide margin. As with no "even on a journey, to have enough, you must always have a little too much.

There is no better illustration of this law than the human body itself. The margin, as usual, is within us, if we would only open our eyes to it. Every department of the body-republic is ridiculously overmanned: two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, two lungs, two kidneys, two brains, two throats, two adrenals, two everything in fact except the stomach with its appendages—which is us and indivisible. In short, we are a physiologic double ("Uncle Tom's Cabin"—except Uncle Tom. Practically every one of these "twains" is there simply as an understudy to take the place of its chief in case the latter should be disabled through, except in the case of the brain, the eyes, and the hands, it is impossible to tell "which is which," and both of the pair are given a reasonable amount of work to do in order to keep them in training.

This sounds rather obvious, perhaps, but the margin goes vastly farther than this. Not only have we two lungs, either of which is perfectly competent to do all the breathing of the body, even under severe strain, but under ordinary circumstances about one-third of one lung is sufficient to—economically—oxygenate our blood. The only reason why nature does not build our lungs about one-third of the present size is that we would not have

enough margin to run for our lives, and if we were attacked by pneumonia or tuberculosis we would be very likely to go down in the first round. For precisely the same reason it is not safe to eat exactly what the economists and the laboratory men say we need. Food is expensive, but it is much cheaper than doctors' and undertakers' bills and the support of orphan-asylums and hospitals.

The same rule holds good all through the rest of the body. About one-half of one kidney would do all the blood-purifying needed, on the Chittenden principle. Why not remove one kidney? It is simply a drone in the body politic and must be using up a lot of good food-material. And just think of the uselessness of carrying around in our bodies nearly two pounds of superfluous liver—and so indigestible as it is, too! Of course we would probably die in our next attack of tonsillitis or severe influenza, but what is that compared with the virtue and piety of being economically? A squad of soldier volunteers, as brave as any that ever faced the cannon's mouth, may survive for six weeks on a laboratory diet calculated by the higher mathematics and consisting of proteins, carbohydrates, and hydrocarbons, instead of real food; but what would be the result the next time they happened to be exposed to typhoid, tuberculosis, summer dysentery, or even a bad cold? What was the final effect of this starvation diet on such a squad has already been told by Major Woodruff, and it does not exactly encourage imitation. Five out of nine reported that they felt badly and were always hungry during the test, and were weak and depressed at its close; and all but one had gladly returned to regular diet. One who had continued the diet for three months thought he had been permanently injured by it, and another thought he would have died if he had continued on the diet. Several confessed that they had been compelled to go out and get a "square meal" repeatedly during the test and

that others did the same. Moreover, one of those who was later placed on such a diet—a young man in the prime of life and vigor—died of a comparatively trivial disorder, which developed hemorrhagic complications, for no other reason whatever that could be ascertained than his prolonged food-deprivation.

Such tests may have a certain scientific value, but what we should be concerned about is not the minimum amount of food on which body and soul can be held together, and a moderate amount of work ground out, but the maximum amount of efficiency, endurance, and comfort which can be got out of any human machine by the most liberal and generous supply of food which it can be induced to assimilate. As Robert Hutchison aptly put it, "What we want to find is not the minimum diet but the optimum." It is no principle of progress to hold men down to a starvation diet any more than it is to starvation wages; and while economy may be an admirable thing in business, it is, in dietetics, usually not only short-sighted but wasteful, for compared with human life and health food is one of the cheapest things there is.

The man who attempts to save money on his butcher's and grocer's bills, seven times out of ten, is starving himself, his family, or his servants. Economy may be the "soul of wealth" in business, but in the kitchen it is much more nearly the soul of starvation, and is usually practised at the expense of the younger or weaker members of the household. Like all business principles, it is excellent in its place, but its place is never in the feeding of young children. For instance, all careful students of the child-problem are convinced that the institutional or wholesale method of rearing orphan children is a failure and must go. A child reared in an institution, hospital, foundling-asylum or what not, is not much more than half a human being, and can usually be recognized at sight by its dull eyes, pasty complexion, sluggish and lifeless

movements and intelligence to match. Part of this is due to the barracks-like life and the absence of individual life and care, but no small measure of it is due to the fact that these children, fed by wholesale and with an eye to economy, are usually underfed, either by actual deficiency of calories or an excess of cheap starches in place of the more expensive meats, fats, and sugars, or by the deadly economy of the fare. One children's hospital, for instance, has had corned beef and red cabbage slaw for dinner every Tuesday for seven years.

The same thing, I am ashamed to say, is too often true of the feeding of adults also in institutions or hospitals. When a superintendent wants to make a record for economy the easiest point at which he can cut down expenditures is in the food-bill. It has been an axiom with the medical profession ever since the days of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that people who are fed by wholesale, with some one else holding the purse-strings, instead of being able to follow their own appetites, are usually more or less starved. Although even then they may be better fed than they were at home under modern industrial conditions. Many of our hospitals, however, particularly those for the cure of the insane, are beginning to see light on this subject, to provide a more abundant and attractive dietary, to consult the appetites and preferences of their patients, and to allow their physicians, instead of the superintendent or warden, to control the precise diet of each patient, with the result that money is actually being saved by curing the patients faster and enabling them to get up and back to work in a shorter time. Give notice the wide margin that she needs to conduct her operations on, and she will pay you dividends on it in the long run.

One of the corner-stones upon which our diet-economists base their claims is that by diminishing the amount of food, and more thoroughly masticating and digesting it, they can thereby extract the last remnant of nu-

nition from it, and thus save the enormous waste which goes on upon ordinary diets. Many of them, in fact, have boldly claimed that they can save thirty, fifty, and even sixty per cent. of the food-fuel ordinarily consumed and subsist on from one-third to one-half the standard, popular diets.

Unfortunately for these claims, however, the reformers neglected to ascertain the exact amount of the food in our average or standard dietaries which actually goes to waste in the body. This, of course, can be determined with as absolute accuracy as the amount of ash made by a particular kind of coal. It was one of the first things ascertained in the scientific study of nutrition, and the results, laid down as tables, have been corroborated a hundred times since. These show that upon ordinary diets, under average conditions, only from five to fifteen per cent. of the food taken into the mouth is discharged from the body as waste. Of beef, for instance, all but about two per cent. of its available nutriment passes into the blood; of milk all but about three per cent.; of bread only six per cent. is wasted. Now, out of a wastage of less than ten per cent., our diet-reformers are going to save forty per cent. is, of course, a puzzle to everyone but themselves. If their claims were true we would be justified in keeping to the logical conclusion of the Irishman who, when assailed by an enthusiastic hardware dealer that a certain make of stove would save one-half of his fuel-bill, promptly replied, "Sure, then, O'll take two an' save the whole aw' it."

This brings us to the question, What are the diseases of underfeeding, and what the diseases of overfeeding? To hear the extraordinary claims trumpeted forth on every occasion by the apostles of a slender regimen that "Man digs his grave with his teeth," that gluttony is the deadliest vice of our age, that two-thirds of our diseases are due to over-eating, and that the race is fast gorging it-

self into degeneracy and final extinction, one would surely conclude that the most imposing array of diseases in our text-books of medicine and the hugest totals in our death-lists would be found directly and unmistakably enrolled under the head of diseases due to overeating. On the other hand, from the incessant praises of plain living and high thinking we would confidently expect that all those who, either from necessity or from choice, practised this gospel of starvation would have a high longevity, a low mortality, and an obvious freedom from disease, and that under the head of diseases due to underfeeding would be found a vast and eloquent blank.

But what are the facts? Of the forty-two principal causes of death in the United States census of 1900 only three are to be found which are in any way due or possibly related to overfeeding—diseases of the stomach, diseases of the liver, and diabetes. Two-thirds of the deaths due to these three causes have nothing whatever to do with overfeeding, but even if we were to grant them in their entirety to the anti-food agitators, they would amount to only three per cent. of the total deaths. Those diseases most often and confidently ascribed to overfeeding, such as gout, dyspepsia, apoplexy, obesity, neurasthenia, and arteriosclerosis, are such insignificant factors in the death-rate that they do not appear in this list of principal causes at all. On the other hand, those diseases which are either directly due to underfeeding or in which the mortality is highest among those who are poorly fed and lowest among those who are abundantly fed—consumption, pneumonia, diarrheal diseases, typhoid and mumps (a polite official term for starvation)—account for a death-toll of 25,000 victims or nearly 30 per cent. of all the deaths. Diseases even possibly due to or aggravated by overfeeding, three per cent.; diseases certainly due to or aggravated by underfeeding thirty per cent. Other factors enter in, but surely, if low

diet were such a wonderful promoter of longevity and warder-off of disease, it ought to have prevented at least half of these 25,000 practitioners of it from falling victims of diseases due to lowered vitality. Such diets as are advocated by our reformers—viz., from sixteen to eighteen hundred calories—are, in effect, starvation diets for men exposed to the wear and tear of workaday life, for women, and for children. They represent a bare subsistence diet, capable of sustaining life and moderate degrees of activity, but giving no reserve for protection against disease or for recovery from its attack.

Thousands, yes, millions, of the human race have been compelled and are yet compelled to live on just such diets as our reformers recommend, and instead of being healthier, freer from disease, and longer-lived on that account, it is a rule as unbroken as any axiom of Euclid that the death-rate in any given community varies in constant ratio with the social position of the individual, being highest in the lowest and most sparsely fed classes, intermediate in the middle and better-fed classes, and lowest of all in the wealthiest and best fed classes. The much-vaunted blessings of poverty exist only in the imagination of the poets, if indeed they have not been invented by both poet and priest for the purpose of making the less-fortunate classes better "content with that station in which it has pleased Providence to put them."

It is a real surprise to some of our snug pseudo-philanthropists to learn from the stern and unimpeachable evidence of the mortality and morbidity records that the blameless and frugal poor have the highest death-rate, the highest disease-rate, and the lowest longevity-rate of any class in the community. The same statement is equally true of nations. The most abundantly fed races of the world to-day are those which are in the van of the world's progress. The measure of the sparseness and the slenderness of the diet of a race is the measure

of its backwardness and stagnation. We have heard so much baseless fairy-tale and poetic cant about the healthfulness and the endurance of the blameless Hindu and the industrious Mongolian that it really comes almost as a shock to us to discover, when we are brought face to face with these interesting peoples, that their working efficiency is from one-fourth to two-fifths less than that of the so-called white man; that their death-rate is from double to treble that of the civilized races; and that the average longevity of the Hindus, for instance, is barely twenty-three years, as compared with some forty-seven years in our American whites. Ten days of practical observation abundantly demonstrate that the only reason on earth why a Hindu or a Chinaman or any other Oriental lives upon a diet of rice, or pulses, or vegetables is that he cannot afford anything better! The sole cause of a vegetarian or low-protein diet in any race is plain poverty. The moment that a Chinese or a Hindu in America begins to earn something like a white man's wages he abandons his former diet and begins, as he expresses it, to "eat American." As soon as he does so he increases his working power from twenty to forty per cent. and diminishes his liability to disease in the same proportion.

The first step in the magnificent modernization and civilization of Japan, for instance, was to put, first her army, then her navy, and then as nearly as possible her population, upon an European diet rich in proteins—wheat, pork and beef. The so-called vegetarian or low-protein victories of Japan were won by an army and navy which had been for fifteen years upon a ration rich in protein, modeled as closely as possible after that of the German army and originally adopted for the purpose of stamping out beriberi.

Finally, apropos of the diseases of underfeeding versus those of overfeeding, I would call attention to the significant fact that practically every prolonged famine is followed by the

outbreak of some epidemic. In fact, from one-half to two-thirds of the deaths in a famine are due to some form of fever, which the lowered nutrition of the victims has allowed to gain a foothold. There are a dozen diseases, from typhus and typhoid to cholera and plague, which are known by the significant name of "famine fevers." If any epidemic or wide-spread disease has ever resulted from overfeeding or followed on the heels of a too abundant crop it has entirely escaped the eye of medical science.

To sum up: Nature is no fool, nor has she been wasting her time these millions of years past in slitting out the best, both of appetites and individuals, for survival. A certain definite amount of fuel-value in food is essential to life, health, and working power, and a surplus is never one-tenth as dangerous as a deficit. Particularly is this the case in growing children and in women during the reproductive period. It is doubtful, in fact, whether these two classes can be induced to absorb more real sound,

wholesome food than is good for them. The vast majority of our diseases of dietetic or alimentary origin are now recognized as due to poisons absorbed with the food, or resulting from its putrefaction. What we really need is pure food and more of it, instead of less. The diseases of overfeeding are chiefly the pathologic amusements of the rich, and exercise a comparatively trifling influence upon the death-rate. The diseases of underfeeding are the pestilences of the poor, that sweep them away by the thousand and by the million. Two-thirds of the patients who come to us, as physicians, from whatever walk of life, are underfed, instead of overfed. Even gout has little to do with overeating, and nothing at all with real meats. "Poor man's gout" is just as common as "rich man's," now that we have learned to recognize it. To paraphrase Goethe, "Food, more food," is our cry. Every increase in the abundance, the cheapness, and the purity of our food-supplies lowers the death-rate of the community an appreciable notch.



THE ENTRANCE

LOOKS VERY DIFFERENT TO THE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND BY THE NAME OF WEALTHY HEDGEBARK

Canadian Observance of the Fall Fair

By

HELEN E. WILLIAMS

Getting the Most Out of Life

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy places we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.—John Ruskin.

PREPARATION for the time-honored event—the fall fair—in rural parts, properly speaking, lasts the year round. While February storms expend themselves—the inmates of scattered farmhouses pore over splendid spring catalogues, which certain astute ones have cunningly latched upon a winter world. As the list grows ever longer and stubby pencils stubbier, uneasy consciences find justification in rosy predictions of yellow or green bits of pasteboard dangling suggestively from floral creations at the horticultural show in the fall. These provisions, secretly cherished, persist through the intermeddled stages of growth and warfare with the outworn and his ruthless kind, but are scouted at in those neighborly interchanges of visits to see what So-and-so has, and whether one stands any "show" oneself. However, the "potted plant,"

together with toothsome culinary confections, the "pick of the herd," the sultan and his harem, and they of the Shropshire and Tamworth breeds—these with all their accessories find themselves bound one fine September day for this rendezvous, so dear to the heart of country folk, the County Fair. All roads lead there; and over them pass people of every class and aspect.

There are in Canada probably a thousand fall fairs held every year—township, county, district and provincial, including the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, which is the largest and most representative of any fair in the world that is conducted annually, and the attendance is growing rapidly toward the million mark. Nearly a century and a half ago the first exhibition of agricultural products took place in Canada. That was in 1765, and forty years later in Ontario, at Newark, the former

name for Old Niagara, there began in an unpretentious way what was destined to be one of the greatest educational institutions organized in the interests of the agricultural interests of the Dominion. The figures are exceptionally interesting. Only twenty pioneer farmers attended the first fair in 1806, on the shores of Lake Ontario, and last year in the Province of Ontario alone one million three hundred and fifty thousand people passed through the turnstiles, and all over Canada the attendance is growing each succeeding year. Certain prophets have declared that fairs will soon fall into desuetude but the records of patronage and the constantly augmented prize lists tell a different tale. Five pounds, tea shillings and sixpence were offered in premiums at the pioneer exhibition and about one hundred dollars covered the value of the exhibits. Last year there was paid out, in Ontario alone, two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars as prize money for exhibits worth many millions.

But what lively scenes are witnessed in the wet sun's hours of the morning, the hired help and boys convey to the fair the stock in slatted crates and high-boarded wagons, whence they are transferred to the stalls lining the entire circumference of the fair ground fence. By the time they have been fed, bedded and watered, extraneous elements have entered and are driving in tent stakes, and setting forth the various paraphernalia of their craft. Nor is this always accomplished without some wrangling. The fortune-teller, that gifted seventh daughter of the seventh daughter of conspicuous name, who can with the aid of a cube of glass lay bare the mysteries of past and future, she of the flashing eye and raven locks, resorts the proximity of the sword-swallower's booth, and there is language and much fierce gesticulation before an understanding is reached. But if all is hostile and confusion without, no less busy are those whom the horticultural building

has from time to time received into its cool, roomy vastness. Upon the counters, spanning the whole length of the ground floor, men are artistically arranging baskets of the year's maturity to the best advantage. Even at this early stage a plate of "extra fine" Red Astrachans or grapes, a mammoth squash, or a strange species of the fantastic gourd family, elicits an admiring speculation from the hurrying passer, who has not yet been succeeded by the slow-moving, fidgeting, insatiable throng of sight-seers. In the corner under the stairs the White Ribboners are laying out pamphlets and basket work for sale. And as one mounts, one sees through an aperture in the partition, rows of speckless carriages, sleighs, furniture, and catches the initial strains of the piano man's waltz, destined, later, to become but the faintest monotone in the vast strophe of pulsating life.

Upstairs, the counters are barred beneath flowers of every design and hue; triumphs of culinary art; and innumerable examples of what the eye, needle, and a lamentable perseverance can accomplish in fragile, useless prettinesses. Two ladies, presumably judges, are vacillating between a pillar of asters in graduating shades, and an anchor design of beautifully arranged mixed flowers. I feign interest in a gaudy bedspread that I may hear their cogitations.

"Are you sure?" inquires one uncertainly.

"Why, yes, as sure as I can be," responds the other. "I drove through his grounds only last week—on purpose, you know—and saw purple asters just like those."

The first lady sighed.

"It is a pity," she said, "this is so pretty, and that so coarse. But I suppose it would never do not to give him the prize?"

Her companion shook her head emphatically.

"Never!" she supplemented, succinctly, "he would be raging."

Then they pinned the first prize on the asters.



LENDING EARTH

EXHIBITS GRANTED FREE AT VARIOUS INTERVALS, DEPENDENT ON WIND OR IN A PORTER TO BEAT THEM.

But later in the afternoon I saw the closing scene of this little drama. An impulse to see once more the line of reconnoitering femininity—heads afloat, fingers fumbling, tongues criticising—impelled me to go upstairs again. A voice speaking alone by the flower stand drew me that way, and I recognized one who is great in the land.

"Ladies," he was saying, his voice

distant with displeasure, "ladies, you have er-red in judgment."

And he proceeded to give a disquisition on the relative merits of the two designs, detrimental to the asters, brazenly flaunting the honor prize, while the judges, standing, crestfallen by, could only assent miserably conscious the while that they had not only defied their own good taste, but



THE MIDWAY

TO THE YOUNG FOLK, ESPECIALLY THE SIDE SHOWS ARE THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PARTS OF THE FAIR.



THE MAIN BUILDING.

MAJOR MARY FLEMING AND MRS. JAMES G. FLEMING, IN THE
FURNITURE ROOM, 1000 LANS.



AGRICULTURAL FAIR BUILDING.

THE NAME OF MAJOR MARY FLEMING AND MRS. JAMES G. FLEMING, IN THE
FURNITURE ROOM, 1000 LANS.

offended the one of all others they were designing to please.

Squatting here and there behind their buggies, in social proximity with the unharassed horse grazing near, are family groups munching their mid-day meal. Sallying forth to do likewise, one passes children dragging at the hand of some uncompromising elder, who is engaged in renewing acquaintance with an erstwhile school friend.

"What is that, child? Punch and Judy?" Well, by and by, when—

Something in the child's face awakes an echo from other years. Now, if "things" go awry, as hopes are slow in materializing, reason opens her stores of consolation. But what hope for a missed Punch and Judy? The girls themselves can do naught. Three hundred and sixty-five days of acting cool, and then—another.

A few steps farther on a little girl is opening her first prize-pocket, breathless with anticipatory thrills that it may be a brass—a thousand pardons! gold, of course—watch. "It" turns out to be a toy snake, which wriggles innocently. If she had only chosen the garnet jacket she had taken up first—perhaps—who knows?

More interesting, perhaps, than the

heated tents, where for "only one minute" the beholder may witness the high dive, or see the fat woman ham-mashed with snakes, the wild man devouring raw meat, the child marvel sporting two heads, and like unholy sights—is that spot so popular to half-grown youth, where two rival concerns for selling cigars—a row of dolls on wire before a sheet, and ninepins ranged upon a table—are never without their votaries.

"Aw, jest watch him, now! Watch him! Watch him!" admiringly shouts the tall, black, foreign-looking proprietor of the latter, whose smile is somewhat even more repellent than his frown, as a newcomer nervously fingers the ball, and makes several false starts.

"Pre-t-t-y clo-o-o-s-e," comes from the fair, youngish, dilly-looking strippling presiding over the dolls, who has a flattering way of laughing up from under his eyes. "Pre-t-t-y clo-o-o-s-e," and something in the subtly suggestive intonation that failure next time was one of the things that simply could not be, melted many an indifferent shot to a second and even third attempt. It is as good as a play, as the phrase is, to watch

the different competitors. There is the well-to-do young man, who first sees the affair when opposite, and turns aside with an "if there aren't those bally dolls! I used to make them topple over every time, when I was a kid. Wonder if—be-leave I'll try." He is always keenly and self-assured, and calls patronizingly to him of the lanky mountaineer to "look out, my man," and to "look lively there," and the dolls are usually "toppled." Then there is the under-sized boy, with the round straw hat and Sunday suit, one never sees anywhere else, who approaches step by step, as if drawn by some potent mesmerism. He hangs round watching worshipfully while various loungers turn many dolls, till that inevitable moment arrives when the temptation proves too strong. And it is his turn to stand there as all his pitiful, nervous bravado, the cynosure of all eyes he probably believes, a moment later to slink away and lose himself in the crowd, which has not witnessed his shameful failure.

But the prime good seeming from the fair is not that it affords foreigners the means of turning an honest penny, and children an easily-attained Mecca; not that it gives racers an oc-

casional to show their mettle, and even of speculative propensities the opportunity to profit or lose according to their acumen or horseflesh; nor even that through the exhibit of produce farmers are enabled to drive many a hard bargain. The crowning good consists in the stimulus and practical benefit of the farming profession meeting and comparing notes; in sustaining interests in and propagating the advance of industrial and agricultural pursuits; and the inevitable broadening of the people's horizon, through social intercourse with those in other walks of life. Apart from the break it makes in the tedium of routine, it is of incalculable value to Browne, who is "going into" sheep, to learn that his mode of feeding the ewes is in default, and responsible for the loss of as smart a pair of twins as ever rose upon stiff-like legs, and humped sancy. Mack heads together. Nor are these exchanges of hard-earned experiences limited to farmers alone. The people's parliamentary representatives seize this opportunity for meeting so many of their constituents en masse. Any new discovery or improvement at the Experimental Farm is recomended, and questions of nation-

of import leached, while his heart's reciprocity in kind, or submit grievances for redress—should any such exist. The game of politics, indeed, accounts for the presence of many whose interest in agriculture or horticulture is superficial. A ministerial figure moving here and there among the crowd, the occupants of two motors in earnest consultation—so have laws been altered, to these have candidates owed their nomination.

Not every one who comes, however, is actively interested in the intrinsic value of what they see, or even a claimant for parliamentary honours. A fair is sure to be amusing—or the spin over the hills, beginning to flush and glow in the autumnal light, and down between orchards, harvest and pumpkin fields, is poetry of music through poetry of scene. But somehow—somewhere—they catch the contagion, these transients from city thoroughfares. They were

not conscious of any yearning toward nature and the simple life when they entered. They are not sure when they first felt with Charles Dudley Warner that to own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds, and watch their renewal of life,—this is the most satisfactory thing a man can do. But some latent chord has been stirred, and the learned sown of a long line of lawyers, the following spring irresistibly proves that he is of the lineage of Adam, by being mightily concerned about the crops on his new fifty-acre farm, whether he transports his family in limo or Europe.

Thus the influence emanating from the County Fair is deep and wide spreading in its results, affecting, in short, the welfare of the whole country. A sort of thermometer it is, too, of that country's progress, improving as it improves, on the threshold, perhaps, of its greatest era.

Stray Stories From India

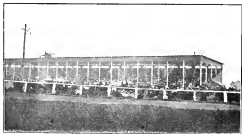
By SIR ARTHUR FANSHAWE

From Blackwood's Magazine

TO my thinking the best stories from India are those which have a savor of the *fineste* or subtlety that is characteristic of the Eastern mind. The type of such stories is the well-known reply of a Mohammedan servant who had been out with his master for a day's snipe-shooting, the result of which was a very meagre bag. He was asked whether his master had shot well. "Yes," he replied gravely, "the Sahib shot excellently, but Allah was very merciful to the birds." The following story, which is not so well known, has something of the same character about it. An old friend of mine once asked his Madras servant about his religion, and the following conversation ensued. "Hullo, Ramaswami! what's your religion?" Ramaswami, who came from a missionary district, thought that he would please his master by an assumption of humility, and accordingly replied, "Beg pardon, sar,"—a favorite form of beginning a sentence with the English-speaking Madras servants,—"Beg pardon, sar. I'm a heathen." "What do you mean by a heathen?" said my friend, genuinely surprised by the answer. "Beg pardon, sar," replied the man, with the missionary's ritual still in his mind, "a worshipper of stocks and stones." "Oht confound it!" ejaculated my friend, "I can't keep a man like that in my service." To which came the immediate rejoinder: "Beg pardon, sar, in your Highness's service no time to worship anything!" The quickness of the change, in order to fall

in with his master's mood, was as characteristic as the adroitness of the evasion.

The reply evasive has its special home, of course, in the East, though it is indigenous in certain Western countries also, and indeed the ministerial answers to questions in our own House of Commons provide a liberal education in the art of evasion. The native of India usually shelters himself behind a universal "God knows," but his variants of this safe text are sometimes amusing. On one occasion I was driving up to Simla in an open carriage, and at one of the stages noticed that a bank of heavy clouds, which had previously been concealed by the high hillside, was moving up in an ominous way. My waterproof and umbrella were in another conveyance behind with my servants, and I was doubtful whether it would not be wiser to wait for them to come up. Accordingly I asked a Hindu Inspector, who had been deputed to accompany me, as the conveyance of malls and passengers on the hill road to Simla was a service managed by the Post Office, whether he thought that we should have rain before we reached the next stage. At first he fenced with the question. "Did his Highness wish to be driven more quickly?" But when I pressed the point, drawing his attention to the clouds and saying that with his experience he must have some knowledge of the signs of the weather, I received the following oracular reply: "Without doubt there are clouds, but the matter is in the power of the



THE GRAND STAIR

AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE, NORMANBY, IN THE COUNTY OF YORK

"Almighty." After that there was nothing to be done but to drive on, and, as it happened, I was fortunate enough to arrive in safety at the next stage before the rain came down.

This habitual unwillingness to give a direct reply has a counterpart in the propensity to adopt indirect methods, to go round about, and often a very long way round about, towards an object which may be perfectly legitimate in itself. Everyone who has had to deal with large numbers of subordinates must have had some curious experiences of these tactics, which are seldom of much avail, though they involve a waste of valuable time and cause irritation, or sometimes, perhaps, amusement.

One morning I found among my telegrams the following message from an old Mahomedan postmaster, whom I knew personally, and had seen two years previously on his return from China, where he had been in charge of a field post-office with the expeditious force sent from India: "Myself and family members continue to pray for your Honor and Lady Salika." That was the entire message, and it came like a telegraphic bolt from the blue, as for two years I had heard nothing of the man. The assurance it gave was no doubt flattering, and the word "continue" almost pathetic; but why should it suddenly have been thought necessary to send me this assurance? I wrote on the telegram an inquiry whether any appeal or representation from the sender was under consideration; and was informed that nothing had been received from him except a formal request, forwarded through the proper official channel that his name should be registered for field service. He had already been twice on field service, once at an earlier stage in his career at Snakin, and more recently to China, and bore an excellent character, but was not considered to be qualified for a more important charge than the one which he was actually holding, though there had been every desire to treat him generously. The

time for his retirement was drawing near, and he knew perfectly well that he would not be asked to go on field service again, and the man's whole object was to suggest to me afresh that he had not been adequately rewarded for his late service in China. The request that his name should be registered was intended to bring himself again to notice in connection with field service, and the telegram to me was to ensure, as in fact it did, that I should make some enquiry about him, and learn what he had done, and then perhaps be led to review his case and give some final promotion to the man, who up to the last had shown himself ready to go on field service. I ought to add that this postmaster had, I believe, a genuine feeling of loyalty towards myself, and if this had not been the case, the actual wording of the telegram sent by him would, I think, have been different.

The great majority of the so-called good stories from India are stories of the ludicrous mistakes made by natives of the country in speaking and writing English, and here I should like to make one point quite clear. Many natives of India both speak and write English with wonder facility, and in the offices of the Government of India there are many Bengali assistants who not only write excellent English, but also prepare admirable notes on the papers with which they have to deal. There is, however, a large body of clerks on small pay in every part of India who have only the most imperfect acquaintance with English, though most of their work is carried on in that language, and it is these men who are responsible for the comical blunders of which one hears, and have created what is popularly known as Babu English. The word Babu, in its proper meaning, is a title used in addressing all Bengalis of a respectable position in life, but has come to be accepted by Anglo-Indians in Bengal and Upper India as signifying much the same as the word clerk.

Of course Babu English I do not propose to give any specimens, as I

cannot help thinking that this vein has been more than sufficiently worked; but it may be said with safety that the Bengali Babu is still the chief master of this new mode of expression. He is endowed with "a bright, soaring, imaginative, and possessive, moreover, plenty of self-confidence and a natural disinclination to descend to details and verbiage. When these qualities are united with that proverbially dangerous possession, a little knowledge of the language which he professes to speak or write, it can hardly be a matter for surprise that he should play fantastic tricks with the English tongue.

The quality of imagination is one that is shared by other races of India, and it finds scope in many unexpected ways. A young Marathi Brahmin, who had taken a good degree at the Bombay University, and secured a high place in the public service examination, was given a superior grade appointment in the Post-Office; but within the first year of his service was detected in sending in a travelling allowance bill, supported by a false diary, for a journey which he had never performed. In his defence he wrote sheet after sheet of impassioned English, and surrounded this journey with a wealth of imaginative detail. One part of it was said to have been made at night, and he described how the moon was high, and how he had lingered at a particular point of the road, where an old Marathi fort stood out in dark outline in the distance, in order to enjoy the romantic scenery. This young Brahmin came to Calcutta when his case was being finally dealt with; and after I had gone through all the circumstances with him, practically admitted that the journey had been made only in fancy, though, of course he was perfectly familiar with the scene in which it was laid. The real facts were that he had gone by railway to his native town, and remained there for three days without permission; and this journey was invented to account for his absence, and not with any de-

sire to make illicit gain, as the amount involved was quite insignificant. In consideration of his youth he was allowed to resign, so that he might not be deterred from making a fresh start in life under happier auspices, and it may be hoped that he had learnt a lesson as to the necessity of controlling the play of his imagination.

But it is the desire to be idiomatic, in an imperfectly acquired language, to use phrases and expressions which are not really understood, that is the most fruitful cause of ludicrous mistakes, just as the same desire is the parent of numerous malapropisms in all countries. The American lady who accounted for the successful decoration and furnishing of her rooms by assuring a friend that she had given a well-known London firm her note in the matter, was making exactly the same kind of mistake as the native of India who said that Bangalore was forty miles away in the cock crow.

As the phrase *cette blanche* carried no precise significance to her mind, so the expression "as the crow flies" had no real meaning to him; and another expression with a "crow" in it came with equal readiness to his lips. Moreover, the line between the correct use of an idiom, or the correct application of a simile, and the Indians, as often a very narrow one, as the following story will serve to illustrate. A Bengali clerk who had been transferred at his own request, from my office to another Government office in Calcutta, was anxious to return, and wrote me personally on the subject. Although not a Christian himself he was evidently acquainted with the familiar lines of Bonar's hymn—

"I was a wandering sheik,
I did not love the fold;"

and this is how he applied them to his own case: "It is true I have wandered from the fold, i.e., the Director-General's office, but I trust that your Honor will be merciful and receive back an old sheep."

The desire to be eloquent, like the desire to be idiomatic, is a great snare

to the youth of India. The young men who leave our schools and colleges have made acquaintance, in however slight a degree, with some of the great writers of English, and have learned by heart passages from Shakespeare and other English poets. In the majority of cases, however, they have not learnt to write plain-straightforward English, and in their desire to be eloquent they pelt their official superiors with quotations (I should be afraid to say how often "I err as human, to forgive divine," has adorned appeals which have come before me), or they rush into poetry, and strive to reproduce the grand style. This may be due in part to temperament, but it points also to something defective in the method of teaching. A young Englishman beginning life in a French business house would not dream of embellishing an explanation, to be submitted to the head of the firm with lines from Moliere or phrases from Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* because he had read these books at school.

As an example of the grand style I give an extract from an application received by me on returning to India after being absent on leave in England. The writer was a young Hindu clerk belonging to Northern India, and the request he had to make was that the orders, passed in his case during my absence, should be reconsidered. The application began as follows: "As the rising of the glorious sun is welcomed by shipwrecked sailors, so is your Honor's return hailed by the members of this department." The man who wrote that sentence was clearly familiar with extracts from Shakespeare, but had never been schooled to understand that such flights of fancy were entirely out of place in official or even in ordinary correspondence. The texture, indeed, of English, and especially of literary English, is rich with the images and the thoughts and the language of Shakespeare, but none the less is it true, despite Wordsworth's noble line, that the tongue

that Shakespeare spoke is not always the tongue we speak in everyday life.

Other mistakes are of frequent occurrence which, though not necessarily ludicrous, have an interest of their own, as showing the difficulties which natives of India have to contend with in learning English, or the manner in which they acquire their English vocabulary. On one occasion a kindly Parsee Inspector, who had been deputed to the scene of a highway robbery of the mail, met with a railway accident on the way. The train in which he was travelling was literally blown over by the force of the wind on an exposed part of the Kathiawar coast, and he described the occurrence in the following telegram to me: "Train upset near G— by heavy gasts, myself hurled, proceed scene robbery to-morrow." The accident was an unusual one, and the word "up-set" was not, perhaps, the right word to use in describing it, while the epithet "heavy" was misplaced. The telegram, however, gave a vivid account of what had occurred and for graphic force the two words "myself hurled" could hardly be bettered, bringing up, as they still do, before my mind's eye a vision of a stout man, with flying skirts, shot through space and sprawling on the sand. I will give only one other instance, and that a generic one, of mistakes of this character. The word "drown" is constantly used by natives of all parts of India for the sinking of a boat, and I have myself received numerous reports by telegram and letter that mail-boats or mails had been drowned at sea or in rivers. The mistake, which has a comical sound to English ears, is instructive. In Urdu, and in several of the vernacular languages of the country, the same word is used for the drowning of a man and the sinking of a boat, and it is only natural, therefore, that it should be a common mistake to use the same English word in both cases.

I close the present article with an account of one of the quaintest incidents in my own experience, a tete-à-

tete dinner which I had some years ago with the old Jam of Jamnagar in his fortress palace on the coast of Kathiawar. The Jam at that time, though no longer young, was still vigorous, a Rajput of the old school, with some eccentric hobbies of his own, and closely wedded to the routine of life which he had laid down for himself, but always glad to welcome an English officer.

I arrived at the palace shortly before six o'clock in the evening, and was ushered into a small room, where the Jam was seated in the midst of a wonderful array of cheap, modern clocks, the collection of these articles being one of his hobbies. Then at the hour of six was "clashed and hammered" from a dozen clocks, all striking at once in that confined space, he lifted to his lips from a table at his side a small silver cup, and with an apology to me, drank off the contents, a strong infusion of native spirit scented with roses. Having done this, he explained with some pride that it was his invariable custom to take his first drink for the day precisely at that hour—a statement which was received with a chorus of approval from the kinsmen and others who were present. To drink by the clock had evidently been raised to the dignity of a virtue in Jamnagar, though, to do the Jam justice, he was just as methodical in his early rising and his morning orisons, as he was in his evening potations. A short conversation followed, and then the Jam took me by the hand and, followed by the kinsmen, we passed hand-in-hand into a long, dimly-lit corridor where dinner was served, as he was at a small table towards one end of the corridor, with a cluster of kinsmen and attendants behind him, while facing his table a separate table had been placed for me about ten yards away. As a high-caste Hindu, the Jam was precluded from taking his meal at the same board as his guest, and I was provided with an excellent dinner cooked in the European fashion.

The corridor was bare of hangings, but down one side, half in shade and half in light, were ranged the picturesque figures of the Jam's bodyguard, fierce-looking Rajputs, armed with shields and spears; from outside came the wailing of native music, and amid these strange surroundings we sat down to dinner.

During the early stages of the meal the Jam sent his private secretary several times to ask whether everything was to my liking, but later he began to call out his own general inquiries across the intervening space, inquiries which might, perhaps, have been embarrassing if other Europeans had been present: "Sahib, is your Highness's stomach well-filled?" To which, with due gravity, I replied: "By your Highness's favor, my stomach is exceedingly well-filled." Still later, he ventured on his own English phrase: "Sahib, are you 'appy?" To which, again with due gravity, I replied: "Thank you, Jam Sahib, I am quite happy." Then he sent me a glass of his own special flower, and was delighted when I told him that the drink was very well for Rajputs, but was far too strong for Englishmen; and certainly it came nearer to the Irish member's description of the House of Commons whiskey, that it went down your throat like a foretelling procession, than anything I had previously tasted. Finally the old Chief rose, and with all dignity and decorous proposed the health of Queen Victoria, who was then on the throne: "Rani Sahib Maharaj!" May the Lady Queen be blessed! I stood up at once, and we too loyally drank the toast, which was acclaimed by the kinsmen and retainers, while the music of the bodyguard clashed their shields and spears together. After that, dinner being over, the Jam and I passed out of the corridor together, the Jam leaning on my arm, and he insisted on accompanying me to my earnings, where we parted on terms of great good-fellowship.

Our Canadian Military Maps

By

CAPTAIN R. W. STEPHENSON.



A PLACETARIUM

FEW people who find it necessary to refer to a map in order that they may establish their bearings in a strange community, or to discover the relative positions of certain places marked therein, realize what a vast amount of work is entailed in its production. The value, also, of an accurate map on a large scale is not generally understood in Canada, for, until the Survey Division of the Militia Department was organized some five years ago, no such maps were in existence, covering more than a few square miles.

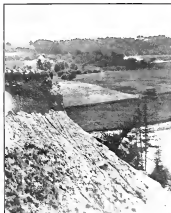
In England, on the other hand, where the Ordnance Survey has long since completed the mapping of every foot of ground on scales varying from one inch—one mile to twenty-five inches—one mile, men in all walks of life have found how valuable these maps are. The farmer, sitting in his fireside, can measure accurately the number of acres in any field, or see at a glance just how much orchard there is on a farm a dozen miles away. A person from the country, who desires a doctor to call on a sick friend, points out on the map at which house the patient resides, and immediately the physician knows the shortest and best way to reach it. A town in need of a new water supply; roads at hand is the greater part of the information necessary. An electric railway

line can be projected without the great expense of preliminary surveys. To the officer on active service, however, these maps are most essential. In a strange country, where the inhabitants are hostile, he is lost without them; and even when the best guides are obtainable they can furnish but a small portion of the required information. With good topographic maps he has no difficulty in locating his defences, or determining the best and safest lines of advance. He knows where to find suitable camping grounds, and where to look for ambuscades.

There are many cases on record proving these facts. During the comparatively recent South African war, especially with General Buller in the Drakensberg hills, there is no doubt that the British officers had good maps to guide them, the loss of life, due to sudden surprises of the enemy, would have been greatly reduced.

Canada, in the carrying on of her military surveys, is taking one of the most essential preliminary steps towards her own defence.

At the present moment some 15,000 square miles along our frontier have been surveyed, and a map on a scale of two inches to one mile prepared. For publication the map is reduced by one half and divided into sheets each containing about 425 sq. miles. These sheets fit exactly one on the other, so that a plan of as large an area as required can be put together. By conventional signs every house, school, church, mill, blacksmith shop, telegraph or telephone office, etc., is lo-



WHERE THE SURVEYOR HAS TO STOP & ADJUST

cated, showing whether it is of masonry or wood. All roads, streams and bridges are classified and by contours with a vertical interval of twenty-five feet, the height and shape of every hill is given. Woods and orchards are marked and the density of the trees approximately indicated. Concessions and lots are numbered and a great amount of other valuable information supplied. It is the only map produced in Canada on which the correct names of all places are shown,—all doubtful ones having been submitted to the Geographic Board for decision.

Four officers, graduates of the Royal Military College at Kingston, are in charge of the several branches of this important work. In the survey division there are but ten men employed. During the season, however, when work can be done out of doors some thirty other surveyors are taken on temporarily and a few ex-

pert topographers are loaned us by the British War Office.

Anyone who has the erroneous idea that all government employees have easy work, or are men much overpaid for what they do, should follow a military surveyor for a short time. What with trudging many weary miles a day over all kinds of rough country, risking his life sometimes to gain a position from which to obtain a view of the surrounding country, and putting up with the roughest kind of fare,—the surveyor has by no means an altogether pleasant life. He becomes, however, familiar with a large extent of territory and, in case of war, would be of great assistance to an officer maneuvering troops in any part of the country he had been over.

Great care is taken by the officers in charge to maintain a high standard of accuracy in the work done by the survey division. The linear measure-



SIGNALING BY HELIOGRAPH TO A
STATION FORTY MILES AWAY

ments will be based on a primary triangulation which is being carried on by the Department of the Interior. This establishes the relative geo-



INSTALMENT USED FOR MEASURING ANGLES

graphic positions of certain permanent monuments scattered over the country from twenty to sixty miles apart. When the country is suitable the survey division splits up the primary triangulation by secondary and tertiary work whereby the position of all permanent land marks, such as church spires, towers and tall chimneys, together with a great number of road crossings, are determined. The calculations in this work are extremely complicated, as every factor which might possibly affect the accurate location of these points on a projection has to be considered, including the spheroidal shape of the earth, height of points above sea level and temperature when base lines were measured. On the triangulation it is often necessary for purposes of observation to erect high towers of steel or wood over the monuments above referred to. The towers are sometimes sources of great curiosity to the local inhabitants. They are built for the simple object of making it possible to see over intervening obstructions from one permanent monument to others so that the angles between them can be measured.

When the country is not suitable for secondary or tertiary triangulation the fixed primary points are connected by



ONE OF THE TRIANGULATION TOWERS

a network of transit traverses, the distances being measured very carefully with steel tapes. In this way the whole country to be surveyed is divided into blocks bounded by carefully surveyed traverses. All other obtainable information such as railway, canal, and coast surveys is made use of when found to be sufficiently accurate. The points located by triangulation, boundary lines and all other contained information in each block is then plotted on a plane table sheet.

While the men engaged to run the transit traverses are in the field, other parties are at work establishing the heights of numerous points throughout the country above sea level. The number of feet that every road crossing is found to be above the sea level is painted on a nearby fence or telegraph pole or in some other conspicuous place.

The plane table is now ready to commence work and by travelling over every road, plodding across country



WORKING IN AN ADVANCED POSITION
ON A WATER TOWER

and climbing into all kinds of dangerous positions, he fills in the information given on the finished maps. He uses the plotted transit traverses, rail-



PULLING UP THE ROADS BETWEEN CONTROL LINES

roads, etc., as control for his work, together with any triangulation station which may have been located therein. His linear measurements along roads are made, where practicable, by the automatic counting of the revolutions of a buggy or bicycle wheel, the circumference of which is known.

During one season's work each of these plane tables walks or drives about 2,500 miles and surveys 400 square miles of country. On them, more than anyone else, depends the accuracy of the detail, and as there are very few experienced plane tablers in Canada, it was found necessary to bring to our assistance trained men from the Royal Engineers of the British army. It is to be hoped that some arrangement will soon be made whereby men in our own permanent force will be trained for this sort of work.

During a campaign there would be a great deal of special work, such as positions, fortifications, etc., for which such men would be especially adapted.

As is customary in England and in the United States, Canada's military maps are furnished the public at a very low price.

Although a large part of the Empire has already been surveyed, and India has left us far behind in this work, Canada is not the last of the overseas Dominions to realize the importance of having accurate large scale maps of her frontiers, at least. Australia has recently followed our example and a thoroughly organized survey division is now being formed in that country.

Closely in conjunction with the Survey Division is what is known as the Corps of Guides, two members in the former being officers of the latter. The corps is formed of civilians from all parts of the Dominion, who are particularly conversant with the districts in which they live. In case of war they would be invaluable as guides for bodies of troops or in reconnaissance sketching, mapping or charge of reconnaissance work.

A GREAT ANNUAL FAIR



The New Transportation Building.

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, after another phenomenally successful record,

is now a thing of the past. It is an institution of which Canadians have reason to feel proud for the large share of attention it attracts in all parts of the world, and also for its thoroughly representative and distinctly national character. It is an enterprise in every way worthy of the splendid progress, wealth, resources and advancement of the Canadian people, and yet is becoming each year more cosmopolitan in scope, character and purpose. All provincial jealousies have disappeared; all local feeling has vanished. Opposition has been laid down and there is not a resident of any province or urban centre in the Dominion but is not pleased to refer to the greatness and comprehensiveness of this big national asset, and the world-wide attention it calls to Canada. When one considers what art, industry, science and agriculture have done to make such an educative and entertaining undertaking, extending over two weeks, and attracting hundreds of thousands of people to witness it, little wonder interest was at its highest pitch and foreign visitors marvelled at what is done by no

wide-spread special effort, but is carried out each year as naturally as the harvest grows or fruit ripens.

The Canadian National Exhibition is the occasion of the great holidays on the part of thousands and thousands of people. One admires their judgment and good taste in taking a vacation in such a pleasant month of the year as September and having such a worthy and interesting objective point as the Exhibition. The high water mark was reached this year not only in attendance, but in the quality, variety and completeness of the exhibits, illustrating the life, activity and intelligence of Canadians as a whole, and the strides made in many lines of endeavor and achievement. New buildings are added annually, but the old ones still remain more congested. The displays are educative, helpful and enlightening, and there is an entire absence of the frivolous and the deceptive. This is the real reason that the Exhibition and all those who make displays get such excellent results and so much profitable publicity. There is none of the fake element, and every exhibitor has something real and true to show the people, who, in turn, recognize merit and capability.

A Miracle of Genius

By Sidney Smith

YES, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has harnessed a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of Nature, however manifest and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest and every attention that diligence could bestow.

THE WRITERPRESS EXHIBIT.

One wonders if the age of invention and perfection will ever cease. In the line of business appliances every year brings forth marvels, and the latest is the Writerpress. It mechanically typewrites 2,000 personal letters an hour and prints office forms, using any kind of job type or electric. It is the greatest convenience in the office as it saves time, money and

as an necessary drawer are furnished with each machine. It was noted that the Writerpress would underline single space letters which some higher priced machines will not do. The Writerpress, which is manufactured by the Canadian Writerpress Company, Limited, 33 John St., South, Hamilton, also possesses many other features which must be seen to be adequately appreciated.

The highest endorsement of the efficiency of the machine is the large number of its pleased and satisfied patrons. The capabilities of the Writerpress are practically unlimited and every language that has an alphabet, can be printed on this truly wonderful invention. This is a feature which alone renders the machine invaluable to export houses and any others who desire to circularize foreign correspondence. A personal letter is the best way to get results in many a business and with the Writerpress this problem is easily solved. It will produce as many copies as desired and the last will be just as bright and readable as the first—every one exactly resembling typewriting and even an expert cannot tell the difference. Another advantage is that while the operator is running off one job, another circular or letter form may be set up on the type for different forms may be distributed. This is a distinct advance over other machines. Type forms may be taken on or the Writerpress without disturbing them and held in use. With each machine there is a guarantee for one year. The Canadian Writerpress Company are pleased to give demon-



The Writerpress Booth

labor. It is so simple in construction that any boy or girl can run it. It prints and delivers an entire page at one operation. The difference between operating a Writerpress and a typewriting machine is that the latter only prints one character at a time while the Writerpress prints an entire page. Type and ribbon are made to match exactly the work of any typewriter. Two type cases as well

as an necessary drawer are furnished with each machine. It was noted that the Writerpress would underline single space letters which some higher priced machines will not do. The Writerpress, which is manufactured by the Canadian Writerpress Company, Limited, 33 John St., South, Hamilton, also possesses many other features which must be seen to be adequately appreciated.

strations at all times—just the same as they did in the Exhibition—and afford the fullest possible information without the importer being placed under the slightest obligation.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY'S EXHIBIT

Systematizing means elimination and concentration to-day as it never did before. The most progressive and advanced enterprises of the world are those founded on the most per-

while throughout Ontario the proportion is practically the same. No higher testimony could be paid to the work and worth of the Underwood. The greatest achievement and triumph of all is probably the Underwood Billing Typewriter, with its speed, convenience and adaptability. It provides the latest and most approved method for progressive business men to simplify and systematize the entering of their orders and the making of their bills.



Display of United Typewriter Co.

fect system. One of the most comprehensive and educative exhibits ever made in Toronto in the line of efficient and time-saving office equipments was that of the United Typewriter Company, in the Manufacturers' Building. The Underwood Typewriter, the centre of the display, is acknowledged the greatest, most rapid, durable and versatile machine in the world. Ten years ago there was not an Underwood in Canada. Today there are more of them in use in Toronto than all other makes combined,

Another important office adjunct is the Envelope Sealer. By its ease of operation and rapidity, fifteen envelopes are securely sealed every seven seconds, or about one hundred and thirty every minute. Any boy or girl can use it. The machine is simple, effective, and durable. Over one hundred were sold the first week of the Exhibition. In the time and labor saved it will pay for itself in a few weeks.

Among the other conspicuous office devices in the display of the United

ed Typewriter Co. was the Flexotype, which makes perfect typewritten letters at a cost of fifteen cents a thousand, and will do office printing from electrotype at a saving of fifty per cent. on regular prices. It possesses many exclusive points that no other machine can boast of.

The Rotary Neostyle, by means of which from one typewritten or hand-written original, two thousand copies of any size can be produced; the Auto-

annual priming bill and at the same time prove conclusively how you could get better and more satisfactory results, would be welcomed as a business benefactor. This is precisely what the Gammeter Multigraph does. In all well equipped and progressive establishments it is as essential as a telephone, a safe, a bookkeeper or a desk, while its possibilities are infinitely greater and its results much more extensive and far reaching in

Canadian manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, was in charge of the display. The Gammeter Multigraph enables the owner to print all his own office stationery, business forms, circulars and other matter of a reasonable size, and places him in a position to obtain in one hour the same amount of typewritten matter as it would take a stenographer working steadily for a whole month to produce. Then there is an additional advantage that the circular letters sent out are not facsimile or imitation ones but are real and genuine—actually typewritten. The operation of the machine is simplicity itself. Any boy or girl without previous experience can run it and is able to turn out good office printing without the printer's pay or the printer's delay. The composition and distribution are done automatically and the printing at the rate of three to six thousand copies an hour. The simplicity, durability, ease of operation, speed, economy of service, cleanliness, attractiveness and diversity of use are evidenced by a mere superficial glance. Operated as a Multiple typewriter the machine produces original typewritten letters at a cost of thirty-five cents or less per thousand and these secure directly traceable business at a lower percentage of cost than any other method. As an office printing press, the Gammeter Multigraph will print all office forms up to eight and a half by seventeen inches in dimensions at a saving of twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. of the printer's charge. The Universal Folding Machine, which was also exhibited, is scarcely less wonderful and useful than the Multigraph itself. This machine has no equal in its line and rapidly folds any ordinary letters in any desired fold, at a cost of two cents per thousand and at the rate of six to nine thousand copies an hour. A neat little device that sells at \$2.50, is the Saunders' Envelope Sealer. It securely closes letters at the rate of fifty per minute and at an outlay of only the office boy's time. Scores of these handy little sealers were sold to

business men during the Exhibition. The Multigraph Sales Company are always pleased to give demonstrations and to furnish information without obligating the caller or writer in any way. Their machines and devices for effecting economy in any business and proving that those will be a paying investment in time, money and trouble saving possibilities are recognized in every city and town on the American continent. Full information concerning any of the above devices will be gladly forwarded from the head office of the Multigraph Sales Company, Saturday Night Building, Toronto.

BEATH'S CARRIER SYSTEMS.

The largest manufacturers of overhead tracks and carriers in the Dominion of Canada are W. D. Beath & Son, 103-105 Terauley St., Toronto. Their splendid display under the grand stand was so varied and instructive that manufacturers, stockmen and farmers crowded around it in large numbers. In many of the largest factories, warehouses and homes of the country Beath's burden feed and litter carriers form an important time and labor-saving equipment. The system saves fifty per cent. in the expense of handling goods in any factory or warehouse. It can be installed anywhere. It is well-known that the old block and chain plan is clumsy, expensive and unsatisfactory when compared with the Beath system. The heaviest loads can, by the Beath method of carrier and track, be handled with ease, being raised by means of an endless chain; no dog or brake is required. The conveyors, hoists and portable industrial railways turned out by Beath & Son need no detailed description, as they are in operation in a large number of establishments and their users have always found them to give complete satisfaction.

This firm also make the only perfect stationery cow-tie on the market. It is manufactured of high-grade carbon U. bar steel, extra heavy, and the



Where the Multigraph Was Demonstrated.

matic Letter Folding Machine for office use, which folds for small and large envelopes, at a rate of 6,000 an hour, and the Simplex Automatic Envelope Sealer are also worthy of special mention in the varied and representative exhibit of the United Typewriter Company.

THE GAMMETER MULTIGRAPH.

Any person, who would come along and demonstrate to you beyond a doubt that he could save you from fifty to seventy-five per cent. in your

character. It possesses a field and scope measured only by the needs and requirements of the user. It is a multiple typewriter and an office printing press in one. Its operation in the Manufacturers' Building created the liveliest interest and resulted in a large number of sales. There are over a hundred and fifty Gammeter Multigraphs in use in Toronto alone and the makers have yet to learn of a dissatisfied customer. Scores of letters tell of its time, money and labor saving qualities. Mr. T. J. S. Baker,

station is absolutely noiseless, has no springs, and is strong, simple and neat, possessing advantages and superiority that no other station can boast of.

Something entirely new, which has been patented by Beath & Son, is the Beath-steel key, for the use of manufacturers and shippers. The key is made of steel, with a heavy U-steel head, top and bottom, which gives it great strength. They are light, strong and durable, come in all sizes, and have

being by the directors of the Canadian National Exposition in honor of the first president, Mr. John J. Withrow, and the first officers and directors. Many favorable comments were passed by Exhibition visitors concerning this work. It was designed and finished by the well-known Canadian firm of Patterson & Howard, 319 King Street West, Toronto, engravers and manufacturers of brass and bronze signs, and is a work of art.

This firm has a thoroughly well-



Beath's Roller Systems.

proven the best shipping package ever invented, being used by a number of the largest shippers in Canada. The makers cheerfully furnish samples and prices.

THE WITHROW TABLET

A feature of the Exhibition which attracted much attention was the unveiling of the Withrow Tablet by Lord Charles Hersford. This handsome tablet of Greek Ionic design was created on the Administration Build-

ing by the directors of the Canadian National Exposition in honor of the first president, Mr. John J. Withrow, and the first officers and directors. Many favorable comments were passed by Exhibition visitors concerning this work. It was designed and finished by the well-known Canadian firm of Patterson & Howard, 319 King Street West, Toronto, engravers and manufacturers of brass and bronze signs, and is a work of art.

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Stable Fittings Company, Limited. Here were fitted up full-sized box and open stalls, with every requisite in the simplest and most carefully considered styles. This well-known Canadian company is a regular exhibitor at



Tablet to the Memory of the Founders of the Canadian National Exhibition, Designed and Constructed by Patterson & Howard, 319 King St. West, Toronto.

signs. Owing to their extensive experience, it is needless to say they are widely consulted.

TISDALE IRON STABLE FITTINGS.

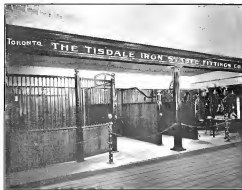
In the Process Building, occupying their old stand, was the Tisdale Iron

Canada's greatest fair. Horsemen and lovers of the horse never fail to visit this booth, where they are always certain of seeing the newest designs and latest ideas for the increased comfort and safety of their favorite animal. The display was under the per-

and attention of H. G. Hammond, manager of the company, whose experience gained by years of special attention and study of the furnishing of stable fittings has made him an authority in this line. His advice is sought from Atlantic to Pacific by architects and private individuals who contemplate building or remodeling.

There is no need to dwell on the quality of the Tisdale goods. The

noticable feature being the large number of Americans who sought advice and suggestions. The Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Company, Limited, 17 Temperance St., Toronto, will gladly send their illustrated catalogue showing model stable and containing also a complete catalogue of their fittings. This excellent catalogue should be in the hands of every architect or person keeping a horse.



Entrance of the Tisdale Stable Fittings.

aim of the company has always been to give the highest standard of efficiency in work at prices consistent with the best. This aim, closely adhered to, has given them the premier position in their line. The best tribute to their achievements is the fact that they carried off the Exhibition prizes for the past four years. In working out the comforts of the horse, sanitation has always been kept in mind—a convenient stable, artistically arranged, with the horse's health carefully guarded. A number of orders were taken during the Exhibition, a

AUTOMATIC VENDING MACHINE.

Salesmanship that delivers the goods at the lowest possible cost, and does it promptly, with no confusion or mistakes and as often as desired, is the most profitable kind. This is the reason why the great money earning capacity of slot machines is generally recognized. In the past many of them are known to have been faulty. They have "balked," failing to deliver the coin or the goods, and any metallic substance of similar shape has done serious damage as well as the genuine cent, nickel or dime

The result was a sharp alarm given to the boys and girls who entered the machine by putting in spurious coins, while the machine, on the other hand, deceived the manipulators, because it failed to deliver the goods. The hot peanut vending machine, manufactured by the Automatic Vending Company, London, and exhibited in the Process Building, is as near perfection as any human outfit can be. The features wherein it exceeds all similar devices

and at the same time delivers hot peanuts. A coin dropped into the slot sends forth a handful of roasting hot peanuts in the shell. If the machine takes in only fifteen cents a day it will pay over forty per cent on the investment, and it will not average that much the makers are willing to take the outfit back. The machine is compact, automatic and a faithful salesman that works day and night. Each automatic vendor will hold \$2.40 worth of peanuts, and the cost of



Exhibit of Automatic Vending Co.

is, that it is guaranteed to deliver the goods, or the coin is returned. It also returns to the customer foreign coins or those of denominations other than the one designed to operate the machine, which may be accidentally used. The demand for the healthy, life-giving peanut is enormous, but, whoever heard of a boy or a girl going into a store and asking for a cent's worth? The grocer or fruit dealer would not want to do them up, but by means of the Automatic Vending Peanut Machine, he can corral all the cent trade

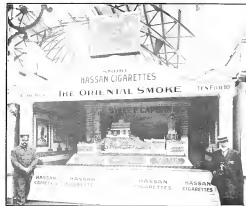
operation is not more than half a cent per day. Peanuts are retailed by it at the rate of twenty-four cents a pound, thus providing a liberal profit to the merchant and satisfying the customer. A hot-peanut-in-the-shell vending machine will take in more money than any three gum or candy machines operating in the same location, as peanuts are a staple product, their sale in this country amounting to nine million dollars last year. The Automatic Vending Company have sold a large number of these ma-

cliques. In the smaller cities, towns and villages they sell the device outright, but in the larger centres they place them on a commission basis. The Automatic Vending Company have also just perfected a machine to attach to opera seats for the automatic selling of confections. It holds six packages of goods and is operated with a five-cent piece. The company limit coin-controlled vending

parlours, night and day, and the small amount required for a purchase. The company has yet a portion of their stock for sale and the investment is a safe, attractive and profitable one.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO.

An exhibit, elaborate, unique and pretentious to a degree, was that of



The Hassan Cigarette Booth

machines for all purposes. They will make to order any machine for vending any special article. All their productions are perfect coin detectors and automatically clean the slot of bogus coins. Automatic contrivances which will deliver the goods or return the money assure owners a large margin of profit, for "money" quickly with a "nickle," while there are other considerations in their favor, such as cleanliness, convenience of making

the Imperial Tobacco Company of Montreal, in the Manufacturers' Building. The display was made solely of the products of the firm. Hundreds of packages of Sweet Caporal and Hassan cigarettes and boxes of Shamrock Bright Plug Smoking Tobacco were used to construct original and effective advantage as to constitute a progressive scene of industry and life. There were miniature boats and screws passing up and

A GREAT ANNUAL FAIR.

down a canal, laden with Sweet Caporal and Hassan cigarettes while a dumbwaiter elevator carried food after food from one long warehouse up to another. At one corner of the booth was ingeniously devised a well equipped light-house of cigarette boxes while there was erected in another corner a tower from which there was extended a crane. From the end of the crane depended a Shamrock plug. Below was an aerial ladder and truck. A fireman ascended the ladder, which was being elevated by two Droumets, was vainly endeavoring to reach the plug in mid-air but failed every time by a few inches. Still he kept up the struggle, which conveyed the lesson to the look-oner that he must have Shamrock or nothing. Such a clever effort in the line of publicity certainly bore evidence of foresight, initiative and originality. Samples of Sweet Caporal and Hassan cigarettes were freely given away. There are more Sweet Caporals sold to-day than all other brands of cigarettes combined, and the *Lancet*, the leading medical publication of the world, says that the cigarette is the purest form in which tobacco can be smoked. Sweet Caporals are mild and extra fine, warranted to be of the finest Turkish and Virginia leaf and to embrace the highest class of skilled work. The smoke of one of the cigarettes in the exhibit bore the magic words "Sweet Caporal." The Hassan is a new cigarette with cork tips and has been on the market only a few months. It is becoming a decided favorite and bids fair to command a wide market. It is the only high grade Turkish cigarette with cork tips on the market, selling at the popular price of ten cents. The Shamrock Bright Plug Tobacco has been manufactured by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Empire Branch) for two years. It is a mild, cool and comfortable smoking tobacco that sells at ten cents a plug or three for a quarter. It smokes evenly and smoothly, affording the user every sense of satisfaction. The products

of the Imperial Tobacco Company are leaders everywhere and their great demand has been built upon quality and flavor, value and fair play.

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.

The most dazzling, brilliant and adhesive exhibit that has ever been made by the Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, formed a feature in the Process Building. It demonstrated the manifold possibilities that electricity may be put to in the operation of present-day conveniences about the home, office, factory and store. There is scarcely a domestic device, which in the past has been operated by hand power, but may now be run with greater ease, comfort and at a decidedly low cost by electricity—not to speak of the coolness and cleanliness therefrom. All that is required is to remove an ordinary electric lamp from its socket and substitute another socket, in which a cord is attached. The ordinary house, which has the Toronto electric service installed, is able to have performed in it many things which the lay mind would never dream of—the electric flat-iron, the electric mangle iron, the electric toaster, the electric percolator, the electric tea kettle, the electric cereal cooker, the electric boiler, the electric washing machine, the electric chafing dish, the electric frying pan, the electric range, the electric cooking iron heater, the electric vacuum cleaning machine, the electric corn popper, and many others. True this is an age of household electricity. Then there are the electric soldering iron, the sewing machine run by electricity, as well as the coffee grinder, drill, cash register, and adding machine. The display of the company included various motors, from one-thirtieth up to fifteen horse-power.

The Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, not only gave many demonstrations to delighted visitors at the Exhibition, but daily demonstrations are carried on at their display

rooms, 12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. The company will be pleased to send to every one using its current any of the household devices already mentioned on a thirty days' trial, except such pieces as would be liable to injury through usage. Simple phone Main 3075. Every standard housewife realizes how indispensable is an electric flat-iron. It soon pays for itself outside of the laundry, while the cost of operation during the time of iron-

magnets, electric canneries, etc., is indispensable.

Should any house be without a servant, electricity is now put to so many purposes and at such a small cost that one is not actually needed. The demonstrations of the Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, afford a practical and edifying object lesson of the almost countless possibilities to which the current in an ordinary house may be devoted to do many daily tasks and requirements, with such facility, ease and economy that no wonder thousands of homes are to-day making use of the Toronto electric service.

ST. CHARLES CONDENSING COMPANY.

Perhaps no product has come into more popular demand during the past few years than has condensed milk. The uncertainty of a pure milk supply in large centres and the certainty of the purity of the condensed brand, to say nothing of its convenient form for household use, has, no doubt, led to its popularity. The name of St. Charles Condensing Company is probably the one which first comes to mind when speaking of condensed milk. Their familiar trade mark of the Silver Cow Brand is a guarantee of the acme of excellence, which the public have not been slow to recognize. Many have found St. Charles Evaporated Cream preferable in a good many

ways to ordinary cream or milk on account of its unimpaired purity and convenience. They also find it more economical than ordinary milk or cream, as they can use what they require and put the rest away in a cool place if it again wanted.

The St. Charles Condensing Co. have been represented for a number of years at Canada's National Exhibition and their carefully arranged booth

has come to be a part of the Exhibition itself. This year was no exception to the rule, for the greatest taste and care were observed in making the stand attractive and interesting. The purity of the product was emphasized by the cleanliness of everything about the booth, and many thousands of visitors were treated to samples rendered so delicious that it is safe to say a large percentage of them, at

Company's long experience in producing home comforts naturally has afforded them a splendid opportunity for testing the various makes of stoves—an experience of more than a quarter of a century—is wisely reflected in the selection of the "Treasure" line, for no better looking stove, nor more with features that make for best results in heating and cooking, combined with most economical fuel



Booth of Toronto Electric Light Co.

ing is only two to three cents per hour. The expense of electrically operating all other items in the home is proportionately small. In business places an adding machine or cash register can easily and economically be equipped with the electric drive. Coffee grinders and meat choppers may be connected to the lighting circuit.

Physicians, surgeons and dentists will find the electric stirrers, ex-

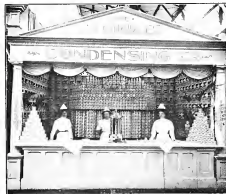


Exhibit of St. Charles Condensed Milk.

least, will become regular patrons of this popular brand.

ADAMS FURNITURE CO.

One of the handsomest exhibits made at the big Fair this year was that shown by the Adams Furniture Company, in the Process Building, of the "Treasure" line of stoves and ranges. In this display were upwards of 50 different styles and patterns of stoves, enough to satisfy the fancy of any thrifty housekeeper. The Adams

tendencies can be found in the market. Every stove in the entire "Treasure" line carries with it an absolute guarantee, backed by the makers and the Adams Furniture Company.

This enterprising firm are responsible for two other attractive exhibits, made in the Manufacturers' Building. In one of these the famous "Macey" line of sectional bookcases was shown, demonstrating the latest developments in sectional bookcase construction. The old stereotype plain design bookcase



Store Display of Adams Furniture Co.



Modern Sectional Sofas Exhibited by Adams Furniture Co.

had given way to imitations of period styles, and in the display were seen complete sets of full sections, half-sections, in-line-corner sections, etc., in Arts and Crafts, Colonial and Chippendale designs. This exhibit attracted unusual attention.

The "Hoo-ier" Kitchen Cabinets, a name likely best known among those who read things of interest to home-keepers, was the other exhibit mentioned, made by the Adams Furniture Company. These handy pieces of furniture combine baking table, cupboard and pantry, saving the busy housewife endless unnecessary steps, and holding everything needed in the baking operation right at the finger ends, as well as preserving a neat, orderly kitchen.

The Adams Company invited all those who were interested in these splendid exhibits to leave or send in their names for literature, which would be sent to anyone who requested it.

THE TORONTO FURNITURE CO.

Every year the display of fine furniture made by the Toronto Furniture

Company that always characterizes their goods and raises their products to be known as the "Better make" of



Exhibited by Toronto Furniture Co.



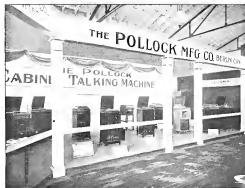
Exhibited by Toronto Furniture Co.

Company at the Exhibition surpasses that of the preceding year. In the distinctiveness, individuality and ele-

"Canadian furniture." This firm and its output is really a class by itself. This has been brought about by the thoroughness of the workmanship, the superiority of the goods entering into the make-up, the originality of design, quiet dignity, graceful lines and superb finish. Mr. H. D. Lanz, manager of the company, was in charge of the splendid exhibit in the Industrial Building, and the showing was a representative and comprehensive one. Many furniture dealers from all over Canada always pay a visit to the Canadian National Exhibition, and as a result of seeing the Toronto Furniture Company exhibit, booked many new orders, while the company was congratulated on all sides on the superiority and variety of its display. In the manufacture of dining-room and bedroom suites, mahogany and circassian walnut are the principal woods used, but for the real tasty and most decorative furnishings, while enamel bedroom furniture, such as the Toronto Furniture Company makes, is

getting to be very popular. The patterns made in this company include mostly all period styles. In dining-room furniture the colonial period shown appears to be still the leader, while in bedroom suites, all period styles are tasty and appropriate. The company also makes ladies' work tables, tabourettes and pedestals, and numerous other lines, all in tasty patterns, any finish, but mostly in dull finish. Inlaid tops are an evidence of

"Canadian Quality," and bear the trade mark, has already been recognized by the Canadian buying public in preference to goods imported—proven by the fact that a large, new and modern factory will be erected and ready for occupation by next fall on a site purchased from the city near the Exhibition grounds. The present factory and show rooms of the Toronto Furniture Company are located at 2012 Yonge Street, Toronto.



The Pollock Cabinet Talking Machines.

what the firm can produce in the way of original and effective work. In two years the business of the company has reached every part of the Dominion, and the merit and reputation of its goods are known and recognized in discriminating fortunate homes in every part of the country. The company deserves every credit and Canadian support for embarking in this line of manufacture in a country where the demand for such goods is limited, but that their products, which is known as the "Better article," of

THE POLLOCK CABINET TALKING MACHINES.

This annual visitor at the Exhibition must be greatly impressed by the large increase in the number and variety of exhibits of Canadian manufacture. For the home visitor was given the opportunity of seeing the Pollock Cabinet Talking Machines, a new talking machine manufactured in Canada. The crowds that thronged the booth of the Pollock Mfg. Company, Limited, in the Industrial Building

were not mere curiosity seekers. They manifested great interest in the exhibit. Those quite familiar with the merits of phonographs of other make examined the Pollock closely and did not hesitate to admit its superiority.

The Talking Machine has long since proved itself the ideal home entertainer. No one doubts that. The numbers in daily use has proven it.

The Pollock, however, in addition to embodying all the strong features of other machines, has apparently eliminated all of their undesirable features. It possesses an individuality which is at once apparent. The cabinets are beautifully designed and finished, making them an ornament to any music or drawing room. They are arranged so as to encase the entire machine. This disposes of the objectionable horn, which has heretofore been so awkward and cumbersome. Drawers are arranged in the lower portion of the cabinet to store record albums and other accessories when not in use.

Another superior feature of the Pollock is the adjustable Tone Arm. In the ordinary machine the reproduction of any piece depends entirely on the machine. The Adjustable Tone Arm in the Pollock enables the user to change the tone of the reproduction at will. The manufacturers, The Pollock Manufacturing Company, Limited, Berlin, Ontario, are prepared to satisfy the taste of the most artistic and will finish any cabinet to match any room or furniture. Their illustrated booklet, which they will gladly send on request, illustrates fully their different models of machines.

WONDERFUL THERMOS.

An invention in every way fitted and worthy to rank with the gas range, the telephone, or running water in the house, or any other domestic convenience is the Thermos Bottle. It means a comfort and luxury that the world never enjoyed before, and its use is so diversified as to benefit all who live in their own homes, those who travel, go on picnics or

hunting and fishing trips, or those who pass the greater part of their time in hotels, clubs, or camps. No booth in the big Manufacturers' Building evoked more interest and elicited such expressions of astonishment as that of the Thermos.

Over 1,000,000 of these bottles, which are manufactured by the Canadian Thermos Bottle Company, 12 Sheppard St., Toronto, and six allied Thermos Companies throughout the civilized world, were sold in 1908.

What is the Thermos Bottle, and what does it do? are questions which the uninitiated naturally ask. It is one of the greatest blessings of the day and is a new scientific invention embodying the well-known principle that heat or cold cannot pass through a vacuum. The Thermos Bottle simply consists of one glass bottle inside another, with a vacuum between. This glass vacuum is encased in a nickel-plated brass shell for the protection of the glass. No chemicals of any kind are used, and the receptacle, which is always ready, lasts a lifetime. The Thermos is filled, cleaned and emptied in the same way as an ordinary bottle.

Here is what it does. It keeps any contents scalding hot for 24 hours and furnishes hot soup, bouillon, clam chowder, coffee, tea, toddy, hot Setoch or any other liquid piping hot at any hour of the day or night. The Thermos will also keep ice cold either water, milk, lemonade, ginger ale, champagne, gin rickey, or any other drink, for seventy-two hours, and so ice is used.

For the sick room and the nursery the Thermos Bottle is practically indispensable, as it prevents infection, saves steps and always keeps medicines and nourishment at the right temperature. The mother need heat baby's milk only once during the night, as Thermos keeps it hot. The bottles are of one pint or one quart capacity and are manufactured in nickel, silver and gold plate, and gun metal finish.

Besides the Thermos Bottle there

are Thermos tea and coffee pots, which are a decided acquisition in any home, as such a pot will pay for itself in thirty days. Ordinarily "left-over" tea and coffee is thrown away, but with the Thermos pot it is simply corked up and set aside for future use. No matter if both the fire and the mood have gone out, delicious hot tea or coffee is ready for use instantly. As the outside of a Thermos pot never gets even warm, it can be set

which, being new, is found as yet in comparatively few homes.

HOLLAND LINEN STATIONERY.

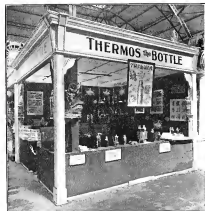
Good stationery is an evidence of discriminating taste, refinement and culture. It unconsciously reveals the ideas and standing of a correspondent. There is no more popular brand of writing paper on the market than Holland Linen, and every year it is

interest. Holland Linen is a linen fabric-finished paper with a splendid writing surface. It is the fashionable correspondence medium of the day and is put up in note paper, envelopes, papercries, visiting cards and invitation cards. Holland Linen is also put up in Christmas papereries; they make ideal holiday gifts, and are a pleasant reminder when sent to friends. All leading sta-

tionery there is nothing on the market to-day that quite equals it in quality, finish and style and yet sells at a popular price.

THE COMBINED WASHER AND BOILER.

The big, bulky, cumbersome washing machine is a thing of the past—just like the old-fashioned wash-board



Display of Canadian Thermos Bottle Co.

on the table without the usual teapot stand, handle-holder and tea-caddy, which, with Thermos in the home, become useless.

To tell all about Thermos would require many pages, and a trial is the best and most convincing lesson, as actual experience invariably bears out all that the makers claim for this wonderful and marvellous invention

growing in general appreciation. This paper is made by W. J. Gage & Co., Limited, of Toronto, and their booth in the Manufacturers' Building was beautifully decorated with the various colors, sizes and styles of this superb stationery. Artistic Holland Linen booklets, telling a charming tale, entitled, "A Morning Mission," were given away, and read with much



Exhibit of Holland Linen by W. J. Gage & Co., Limited.

tioners carry Holland Linen, which comes in three colors—grey, azurette and white. The paper is even in tone, firm in fibre, and the finish, while apparently rough, is soft and smooth, affording every sense of satisfaction. The Royal, Countess, Ducal, Oxford and Billet are the favorite sizes. The envelopes to match are either pointed or square. Holland Linen makes correspondence a delight, and in fine sta-

—and in its place has come the newly patented McKuen's Perfect washing machine and boiler. The two are combined in one, making the outfit, which is manufactured by the Perfect Manufacturing Company, of Guelph, light, compact, simple and reliable. Their exhibit in the Manufacturers' Annex, in charge of Mr. Frank Frank, proved a revelation and school of instruction to hundreds of women.

Without the slightest inconvenience, the Perfect washer can be used in the smallest kitchen, and the washing completed with this up-to-date outfit in less time than it takes to boil the clothes and make them ready for the old-style washing machine. Two lots of clothes can be washed or boiled at the same time, without removing the boiler from the stove, while by throwing either of the lids back up on the

facilitating the removal of the boiler from the stove. Made in three sizes, the Perfect washer enables the housewife to put fine clothes on one side and coarse ones on the other. The result of using it is easy work, no wear or tear on the clothes. Another wonderful invention turned out by the Perfect Manufacturing Company is the Perfect vacuum cleaner, operated



Exhibit of Perfect Manufacturing Co.

either, the lid is lifted clear of the clothes, and there can be easily removed or placed in the boiler; or the whole lid can be lifted off by means of wooden handles on the tops of the collar stems, and placed aside, and a suitable wringer attached to the middle of the partition. By means of the taps all the water can be run off when the washing is finished, thus greatly

by hand, water or electric power. It also keeps all the furnishings of the home entirely free from dirt, dust, germs and bacteria. It is endorsed as the strongest terms by housewives and is easily operated. A child can run a hand-power machine. The Perfect is guaranteed to do just as thorough and efficient work as the largest and most expensive vacuum cleaner made.

THE COLLIER AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC IRON

Ironing day used to be one of drudgery, but not now. The Collier-Cunningham Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ontario, have changed what was formerly a disagreeable task into one of positive pleasure. Their exhibit of electric irons, table toasters, etc., in the Process Building was the centre of much interest, especially to the ladies. A child can use the Collier automatic electric iron; it is so

cents per hour. Another of their unique items is called The Tourist. It is fitted with a removable handle and weighing only four pounds, enables anyone traveling to keep his or her clothes neat and dressy. They manufacture over fifty varieties of irons for house, tailor and laundry use, from four to 30 pounds in weight. The Collier Electric Stove, the Collier Table Toaster, the Collier Electric Radiator, and the Collier Electric Heat Pad are also inventions worthy



Display of Collier-Cunningham Co.

simple and easy. Wherever there is an incandescent lamp the iron can be used. It is attached in a moment and is sizing hot in seven minutes. A unique feature is the automatic switch. By simply standing the iron on its heel the current is cut off. This is a great convenience. And, besides regulating the heat of the iron thereby, it saves electricity, as while the iron is on its end, no current is consumed. To operate it costs on the average from one and a half to two

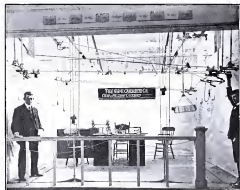
of close inspection. The Collier-Cunningham Company will gladly furnish descriptive catalogues for any of their devices. They also make the following attractive offer: To any reader sending 25 to their Peterborough office they will send by express prepaid or by mail a Tourist Electric Iron.

THE GIPE CARRIER

Despatch enters largely into the success of any business enterprise. Any-

thing that contributes to method, order, arrangement and prompt service is welcomed by every progressive concern. For the swift, economical and safe handling of the sales in any retail house there is nothing that gives such a superior and satisfactory solution, of what is often a perplexing problem, as the Gipe carrier. The inventor has for many years devoted his whole time and attention to the carrier business and has at last attained perfection. There are over thirty

between the wheels with equal tension and releases the car from the catch at the same time. When the car is upon its journey the double wires at once come together so that the system has all the advantages and far greater strength than when a single wire only is used. The Gipe is easy to operate, requires no repainting and will save more than its cost the first year. By its use the merchant pleases his customers with his perfect system and assumes no risk whatever, as Gipe



The Gipe Carrier Being Demonstrated.

thousand Gipe carriers in use in America alone, and for the transmission of cash and parcels from one department to another their equal in accuracy, convenience and rapidity cannot be found. The Gipe carrier has overcome the weaknesses of all roller and cord systems, with their delays, breakages and confusion. The system has no rubber or cords and the carriers are propelled by simply pulling the handle down a few inches. This spreads the two wire

carriers are guaranteed in every respect. The manufacturers will install the system in any store, allow a merchant to use it for ten days, and if the Gipe does not give better and quicker service than any other wire carrier, pneumatic tubes, cable cash carriers or cash registers, they will remove the outfit and not ask the merchant for a cent. The Gipe Carrier Co. have their own well-equipped factory and office at 90 Ontario St., Toronto.



Architecture and Arts.

Decorating China With Room Geometry. *Room*
Wood-Glazed-Ladies' Home Journal.
Modern House Art. M. Lewis Macdonald's-
Craftsmen.
Lenses in Practical Cabinetmaking and Social
Work-Craftsmen.
Interesting Modern French Work in Jewelry and
Engraved metals-Craftsmen.
The Laymen Art Lover. Jane Burdett Miller-
Landscape's.
French Models in the Making. M. E. Clarke-
Full Mail.
China Painting for Beginners. Sophie Kerr De-
Garmo-Wooden's Home Companion.
Creative Domestic and Fine Art Make Them.
R. C. Davidson-American Homes and Gar-
dens.
The Sympathetic Colony of Arts and Crafts.
Furniture Building-American Homes and Gar-
dens.
The Spirit of Children's Art. Mabel U. Sargent-
Sargent (Sept.).
The Story of Dutch Art-St. Nicholas.

Army and Navy.

What's the Matter With the Militia? *Frontier*
English-Saturday Evening Post (Sept. 11).
The Revised Value of Military Training. Pro-
fessor Wallace Stearns-Educational.
Our First Army Firing Motion. C. H. Clouds-
Theatrical World.
A Reorganized British Army-American Re-
view of Reviews (Sept.).
Hitting Power of the American Navy-American
Review of Reviews.

Business and Industry.

Cutting Out the Loose Harvey Price-System
(Sept.).
Making Various Sums at Ledger. J. M. Cobb-
System (Sept.).

Gleanings From Business Fields. Thomas Dier-
-Business Philosopher.
Chicago as a World's Market. George W. Shel-
don-World To-Day.
The Kettle River Valley. G. B. British-West-
ward Ho.
Advertising a City. Fong F. Gohensch-West-
ward Ho.
The Mission of Irrigation. C. W. Peterson-
Westward Ho.
The Power of the Newcastle Appeal-Alabama.
B. Selig-Saturday Evening Post (Sept. 11).
A Great Canadian Settlement-London Magazine.
Entrepreneurial Bookkeeping and Auditing-Jacob
Kemper (Sept.).
Up-to-Date Treatment of Accounts Payable. W.
H. Burr-Jacob-Kemper.
Opening Entry in Corporation Account-Jacob
Kemper (Sept.).
Advantages of Card Ledger-Jacob-Kemper (Sept.).
Mail Order Trade in India-Jacob-Kemper (Sept.).

Children.

Marionwood Children Elizabeth Harrison-
Ladies' Home Journal.
Holding Children by "Pianissimo." Ivy
Fletcher Van Someren-Ladies' Home Jour-
nal.
Are We Spoiling Our Boys Who Have the Best
Chances in Life? Publisher Paul Van Dyke-
Sentinel's.

Education and School Affairs.

The Value of Classes in Engineering Education
-Outlook (Sept. 11).
Social Education. Colin A. Scott. Ph.D.-Ed-
ucation.
The Philosophy of the Elementary Language
Course. B. W. Le Roy-Pedagogical
Arithmetic as a Science. William A. Bartlett-
Education.



Edison Business Photograph.

THE average business man is generally, not of from early morning until late in the afternoon. His labor or time-saving device that will enable him to do his work more efficiently—with less mental and physical



GETTING TO WORK ON THE PHOTOGRAPH

energy and on the same time spirit in efficiency. It is greatly welcomed in that day of haste and pressure. The telephone, the typewriter, and the adding machine are great aids, but even these are being superseded in convenience, simplicity and economy and economy of time. One of the marvels of the age is the Edison Business Photograph in that it saves hours daily of the time of a string of clerks allowing him to proceed with other work while it permits the office manager or departmental head to review his hours until he can bring in his own details in absolute perfection at any desired speed, free from interruption and with the correction that his exact words will be recorded and quoted at. The labor or duty of correspondence is

devoid then and there. The Edison Photograph writes no mistakes and avoids complications. The machine enables the user to make corrections or add directions at any part of the letter. A stenographer can transcribe much more with greater ease under the Edison method than by any other. A business man must necessarily send a certain portion of the day attending to communications, but by the Edison Business Photograph the time of only one person is taken up, not two. The stenographer can type letters from a photograph but she can not read another stenographer's notes at all error is reduced in typing or if a word is missed the photograph is easily stopped; it saves, guesswork or errors. From both the transcribing and dictating end the slugs and avoid office equipment saves time and avoids delay, prevents



TRANSFERRING FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH

errors and misunderstandings. The E. S. W. Jones & Sons Co., Ltd., 141 Yonge St., Toronto, will send the Edison Photograph in its office to prove its merits.

Gillette Safety Razor



A great welcome has been given our New Pocket Edition.

Men everywhere are talking about it. Hundreds are buying it. Live dealers everywhere are showing it. It is *convenience*, that counts most with men who use the "Gillette"—they regard it as a remarkable invention. It meets a world-old necessity in a new and better way.

The pocket case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun metal. Pines polished or richly figured. Heavily and blade has other triple silver plated or 14k gold plated—he blades are fine. Prices, \$2.00 to \$5.00.

You will see Gillette signs in every shop where the razors are sold.

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
Office and Factory, 61 St. Alexander Street, Montreal



Has your man the ad. in Boy Magazine.



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Mrs. B. Cooper, Prop.
The Leading Travellers' Hotel
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Tourist and Travellers' Hotel
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 First-class Accommodations. Phone 112
 Free Bus to all Trains.

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 First-class Hotel in Every Respect
 Specially Adapted for Commercial and Tourist Trade
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ACTON, ONT.
THE TRAVELLERS' HOTEL G. R. BRADY, Prop.
 RATES—\$1.50 to \$2.00 per day

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European Plan. Rates: \$1.50 per Day and Up
 B. M. TULLER, Proprietor. M. A. 11119, Niagara

*The Leading Commercial Hotel of
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 The Most complete and best accommodated
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**Most Central Location in
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**Remodeled and Refitted Throughout
 Everything First-Class**

**Entire Change of Ownership
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Build Your Own Boat

Now in this time of change and hard times, ready to suit
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Our **ROBIN**, **DOUG**, **PLANK** and **PATTER** systems of
 a complete set of plans for the construction of a boat of any
 size, from 10 to 20 feet, are now being published. Each
 set of plans includes the complete set of drawings and
 the complete set of instructions for the construction of
 the boat. The plans are so simple and so clear that
 they can be made by anyone. The plans are so
 complete that they will save you a great deal of
 money. Write for your copy today.

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 Boat and Launch Works
 Foot of Bay St. HAMILTON, CAN.



Going Hunting? You'll Need a Gidley Canoe!

Gidley Canoes are preferable to any other make simply because they are stronger,
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 a Gidley Canoe and you can make splendid speed.



Let us send you our Catalog. A postal card request brings it by return mail.
H. E. GIDLEY & CO. PENETANGUISHENE, ONT.

A New Manual for Big Game Hunters

Contains Chapters on

Camp Equipment.
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With descriptive notes on
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 ern Quebec, and over 150
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"Moose and Caribou"

is the most complete big game hunter's
 manual yet published. It is brimful of
 interest for the experienced sportsman
 and solid instruction for the novice. The
 territory described is in a newly opened
 portion of Quebec where moose and
 caribou are together in an exciting
 abundance. The book is published in
 the interests of the CANADIAN NORTH-
 WESTERN RAILWAY and five thou-
 sand copies will be distributed without
 charge, upon a written request.

All requests for free copies of "Moose and Caribou" should be addressed to the
 Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto, Ontario.

You can't tell

You may have tried all or nearly all Brands of Bacon, but if

Fearman's Star Brand BACON

was not among the number, you have missed the best. It is the product of carefully selected, highest grade Canadian hogs, and is sugar-cured under government inspection. *Refuse imitations.*

F. W. Fearman Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.



When properly prepared and administered

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EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK**



Makes the Safest Food for Infants.
The Original and Standard Brand for 52 years.
Send for Our Free Infant Feeding

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"LEADERS OF QUALITY" ESTABLISHED 1857
W.M. H. DUNN, Sales Representative Montreal



ST. CHARLES EVAPORATED CREAM
SEMI-SWEETENED
Always Ready . . . Never Fails

Keeps as long as St. Charles Brands
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Manufacturers of all kinds of

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Harness, Trunks, Saddles, Valises, *Sauvageant-Lavie*,
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— A call is solicited or write for information — **ROUEL DANE ST. WEST, MONTREAL, Que.**

Your Camping Outfit is Not Complete

WITHOUT A SUPPLY OF

BLUENOSE BUTTER

IN TINS—KEY OPENERS

Everyone who has used this butter is delighted with its rich, sweet quality. If you want satisfactory butter for the woods hunt on your grocer supplying this brand. We will forward it quickly by express if not in his stock.

SMITH & PROCTOR, - HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA
THE BLUENOSE PROVINCE

Cut Down Your Meat Bill



You and your children want the most nourishing and palatable food.

Beans cost one-third as much as beef—and pound for pound are more nourishing.

CHATEAU Brand BAKED BEANS

are the perfection of cookery done under the most favorable conditions in CLARK'S model kitchens.

"Chateau Brand Beans" as you get them on your table illustrate to the full the possibilities of bean cooking.

WM. CLARK - MONTREAL
Manufacturer of High-Grade Food Specialties

"Also, then to breakfast
with what appetite you might."



For the first meal of the day there is no-
thing more nourishing and tasty than

Upton's Orange Marmalade

The suggestion of bitter, which only serves to give a
 zest to the sweet, makes it an ideal and appetizing
 breakfast accessory, which is easily digested. Upton's
 Marmalade is absolutely pure, and is made only from
 the finest and ripe oranges procurable. Ask your grocer
 for Upton's.

The T. Upton Co., Limited
 Hamilton Ontario

The Top Layer



The top layer in a barrel of apples is generally the best
 in the barrel. The "top layer" is always the best in
 everything—except in a

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

Which is always the same all the way through, clean, whole-
 some, nourishing—made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked,
 shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in
 the world—just the food for the Autumn days when you
 are trying to store up strength for the rigors of the Winter.
 Try it for breakfast with hot milk, a little cream and a
 dash of salt.

The "wheat biscuits" are full of use for the thousands who love the sunny South. The safe water in
 the cooked wheat. The way to eat them is warm and in Shredded Wheat Biscuits, "biscuits" made by
 simply cooking in the top of the barrel with the bowl of a spoon. Nothing so deliciously wholesome
 and nourishing as the wheat biscuits as cooked wheat with Shredded Wheat Biscuits. Always heat the
 Biscuits in milk to retain crispness before serving with cream, meat, vegetables or fruit.

ALL THE MEAT IN THE GOLDEN WHEAT
 THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
 Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St., E.

A Very Interesting Department

of this magazine is the Classified Advertising Page. There will be found condensed advertisements, properly classified, offering to buy, sell or exchange all manner of things.

Condensed Classified Advertising

In the *Busy Man's Magazine* is a very effective way of selling, buying or exchanging new or second hand articles useful to business men and women; bringing together vacancies and those who are looking for positions; and for buying or selling businesses, securities or real estate. At a cost of but four cents a word you can get your proposition or application before thousands of business people all over Canada and in the United States, Great Britain and Europe. Adclassified ad, in the *Busy Man's Magazine* is bound to reach interested people because it reaches thousands of people near and far from your locality.

FOUR CENTS A WORD
Send in your Ad. to-day.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE
116 Front Street E., TORONTO

PICTURE MAKING

is as easy as

PICTURE TAKING

by the

KODAK SYSTEM

With the KODAK FILM TANK the novice can produce in full daylight, negatives equal to those produced by experts by the dark-room method.

Anybody can make first-class prints on VELOX (there's a grade for every negative)—any time and by any light.

Let us send you copies of our booklets—"Tank Development" and "The Velox Book."

CANADIAN KODAK CO.
LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA



"KALIFA"

THE
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE
OF QUALITY

—HAND ROLLED—

15c. Per Package

Landau & Cormack, Limited Montreal



The High Velocity of the Ross Sporting Rifle

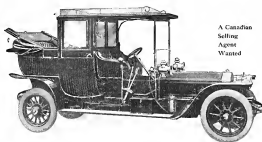
"The Indian Field," the great sporting paper of India, says of the Ross Sporting Rifle, comparing it with other rifles of world-wide reputation (April 15th, 1909):

"The highest speed yet attained by sporting rifles is about 3,050 feet per second, and this has been got by the Ross Rifle of .280 bore. This wonderful rifle gets this high speed with a 140 grain bullet, which gives it tremendous power for its small calibre and renders the judging of distance quite unnecessary within sporting distances."

Sportsmen fully appreciate this feature. If your dealer does not keep Ross Rifles, we can supply you direct.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

ROSS RIFLE CO., - - Quebec, P.Q.



All the
Comfort
and Satis-
faction
that
Woolen
Wear can
give in
both Over-
wear and
Under-
wear are
found in



Jaeger Wool Goods

Jaeger Golf Jackets are comfortable and fit perfectly, as well as having a distinctive style, from \$4 to \$7.

Jaeger Sweaters, in all sizes, with or without collar, for rowing, cycling, golfing, tennis, etc., from \$1.50 to \$5.

Jaeger Moose Jackets, heavy, fleecy knit, camel hair shade, double-breasted, 5-inch stand or turn-down collar, three pockets, \$12.

Look for JAEGER trade mark



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Also at Montreal and Winnipeg

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Comfortable Underclothing

¶ If you have been wearing cotton underwear because you dread that irritating tickling in ordinary woolen underwear just try "CEETEE" Pure Wool Underclothing and you will never wear any other make.

¶ Our secret shrinking process removes all that irritating foreign matter and makes "CEETEE" soft and velvety to the skin.

¶ "CEETEE" fits perfectly, being knit (not cut and sewn) to the form and is absolutely unshrinkable. It is made from only the finest Australian Merino Wool and Silk and Wool and is the most comfortable underclothing on the market.

¶ "CEETEE" in medium weight is the right underwear for this season.

¶ We manufacture in all sizes for men, women and children. Ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE."

THE
C. TURNBULL CO.
OF GALT,
LIMITED

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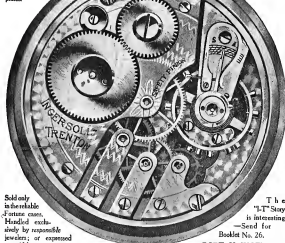
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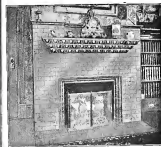
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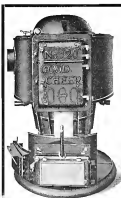
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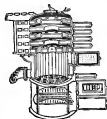
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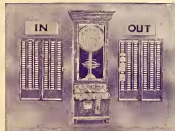
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